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SHAKSPERE'S
KING HENRY THE FOURTH,
PART II:

THE QUARTO OF

1600,

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

BY

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DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
Edmond Malone.

[*Shakspeare-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 9.*]

FOREWORDS TO 2 HENRY THE FOURTH,

QUARTO, 1600.

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|---|---|
| <p>§ 1. 2 Henry IV., when written, p. iii.</p> <p>§ 2. <i>The Quarto and Folio compared</i>, p. iv.</p> <p>§ 3. <i>The Quarto has two forms</i>, p. ix.</p> | <p>§ 4. <i>Some Peculiarities of the Quarto</i>, p. ix.</p> <p>§ 5. <i>This Facsimile</i>, p. xi.</p> |
|---|---|

§ 1. THE Second Part of *Henry IV.* was probably written immediately after the production of the First Part, the brilliant success of which encouraged Shakspeare to continue his theme, while the characters he had created were still fresh in his mind, and presented themselves as real and life-like personages to his imagination. But in any case it must have been written before February 25th, 1597-8, the date of the entry of the First Part in the Registers of the Stationers' Company; for we find that play there described as containing, besides the "battaile of Shrewsburye against Henry Hotspurre of the North," "the conceived mirthe of Sir John Falstoff." Now it is well known that in *both* parts of *Henry IV.*, as they first appeared, Sir John was not called Sir John Falstaff, as in the printed play, but Sir John Oldcastle, a name which Shakspeare borrowed from the anonymous play called *The famous victories of Henry the fifth* (acted 1594, printed 1598); but afterwards altered to Sir John Falstaff, when he found that so strange a travesty of the famous Lollard and martyr had given offence both to his descendants, and to zealous Protestants generally.¹ Further, the Stationers' books show that this change had already taken place, at any rate in the First Part, before the date of entry: and even if it had not actually taken place in the Second Part also, we cannot believe that this Second Part was *written* subsequently to the change in the First Part, for this would involve the absurd supposition that Shakspeare had stultified himself by reverting to the use of a name

¹ In the Quarto the prefix *Old-* has been left by a printer's error to the speech "Very wel my lord," &c. in Act I. sc. ii. l. 137. It is surely unnecessary to prove here for the hundredth time that Sir John Falstaff appeared originally in both parts as Sir John Oldcastle. See the question stated once for all by Dr B. Nicholson and Miss Toulmin Smith in *Shakespeare's Centurie of Praysse*, ed. 2, pp. 268, 269.

that he had once with the best of reasons abandoned. The first positive mention of the Second Part, or of any character in it, occurs in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humor*, first acted in 1599, and is as follows :

Saviolina. What's he, gentle Mounfieur *Briske*? not that gentleman?

Fastidius. No Ladie, this is a Kinsman of Iustice *Silence*.

(Act V. sc. ii.)¹

It is however probable that Francis Meres means to include the Second Part as well as the First in his mention of *Henry IV.* in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598;² and if so these are all the allusions we have to the Second Part, until we find it entered in the Stationers' Registers together with *Much Ado about Nothing* in the same year in which both were first published.

(1600) 23 Augusti

Andrewe Wyse Entred for their copies vnder the handes of
William Aspley the wardens Two bookes. the one called Muche
 a Doo about nothinge. Thother the
 second parte of the history of kinge
 Henry the iiiijth with the humours of
 Sir John Fallstoff: Wrytten by master
 Shakespere. xij^d³

Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 170.

This is the first time Shakspeare's name occurs in the Registers.

§ 2. That the Quarto of 1600 should be, so far as we know, the only edition of the second Part of *Henry IV.* published in a separate form, is a remarkable fact, when we consider the number of separate editions of the First Part that were published before the appearance of the Folio. We have no reason to believe that the Second Part was less popular than the First, and was therefore a venture less profitable to the bookseller; nor, so far as I am aware, has any explanation of the difficulty ever been offered. Possibly one may be found in the very popularity of the piece itself; and we may perhaps

¹ *Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse*, ed. 2, p. 31.

² See Forewords to Part I. p. iv.

³ Sixpence each was the usual price at which these Quartos were published. In Malone's copy of the deficient 2 *Hen. IV.*, 1600, now in the Bodleian, is the following note in his handwriting :

"In a copy of this play which belonged to Samuel Tysen Esqre and was sold with his collection in Dec. 1801, is written in the title page, in the hand writing of Shakspeare's time,

' 11 December 1610
 price v^d. "'

conjecture that when Matthew Law succeeded to the piratical business of Andrew Wise, as he seems to have done about 1604, when he published the third Quarto of 1 *Henry IV.*, he found the whole stock of the Quarto of Part II. sold off, and the 'copy' printed from lost or destroyed; so that he had nothing at hand from which to print off a second (unauthorised) edition. Be this as it may, it is in the Folio of 1623 that we next find the play in print: and since opposite opinions have been held as to the comparative critical value of the Quarto and Folio versions, it will be well to sum up the differences between them before going any farther.

(a) Lines only in the Folio, 171. (b) Lines only in the Quarto, 39. (c) Lines in which the Folio differs for the better, roughly, 48. (d) Lines in which the reading of the Folio is, intrinsically, nearly or quite as good as that of the Quarto, roughly, 34. (e) Lines in which the Folio differs decidedly for the worse, roughly, 40.¹

¹ In (a) and (b) each line as divided in the *Globe Shakespeare* is counted as a line. Except in (b) differences due to the Act to restrain the abuses of Players are not counted. Here are a few examples of (c), (d), and (e). All the quotations are from the Folio.

(c) Instances in which the reading of the Folio is preferable.

- Ind. 36. this Worme-eaten-Hole of
ragged Stone,
Where Hotspurres Father, old
Northumberland,
Lyes crafty sicke. p. 74a
Quarto *When*.
- I. ii. 111. Your Lordship (though not
clean past / your youth) *hath* yet
some smack of age in you : p. 77a
Quarto, *haue* and *an ague*.
- I. ii. 195. all the other gifts appertinent
to man / (as the malice of *this Age*
shapes them) are not woorth a /
Gooseberry. p. 77b
Quarto, *his age shapes the one*
not (omits *are*).
- I. iii. 28. [Hotspur] who lin'd himself
with hope,
Eating the ayre, *on* promise of
Supply, p. 78a
Quarto, *and*.
- II. ii. 91. Away, you horson vpright
Rabbit, away. p. 81a
Quarto, *rabble*.
- III. i. 18. Wilt thou, vpon the high
and giddie *Mast*, p. 85b
Quarto, *masse*.
- III. i. 22. Who take the Ruffian
Billowes by the top, p. 85b
Quarto, *pillowes*.
- III. i. 27. Canst thou (O partiall
Sleepe) giue thy Repose
To the wet *Sea-Boy*, in an houre so
rude : p. 85b
Quarto, *season*.
- IV. ii. 122. Some guard *these Traitors*
to the Block of Death, p. 91 *bis* b
Quarto, *this traitour*.
- IV. iv. 104. Will Fortune neuer come
with both hands full,
But *write* her faire words still in
foulest Letters? p. 93b
Quarto, *wet* [also *termes* for
Letters, perhaps rightly.]
- IV. v. 12. *P. Hen.* Heard hee the
good newes yet?
Tell it him.
Glo. Hee *alter'd* much, vpon the
hearing it. p. 94a
Quarto, *vtred*.
- IV. v. 82. Now, where is hee, that
will not stay so long,
Till his Friend Sicknesse *hath*
determin'd me? p. 94b
Quarto, *hands*.
- IV. v. 161. Therefore, thou best of
Gold, art *worst* of gold. p. 95a
Quarto, *worse then* [in next line
Q omits *is*].
- V. ii. 16. Of *him*, the worst of these
three Gentlemen ; p. 97a

That the lines omitted from the Quarto are cut out to shorten the play for the stage, is probable from the fact that three or four at least

- | | | |
|---|----------------------------|--------|
| Quarto, <i>he</i> . | <i>hood</i> for my Fortune | p. 99a |
| V. iii. 132. I would not take a <i>Knight</i> | Quarto, <i>Knight</i> . | |
- In the following, the Folio mends the metre of the Quarto : words omitted in the Quarto are enclosed in square brackets.
- | | | | |
|--|--------|---|--------------------|
| I. i. 96. To speake a truth. If he be slaine, [say so:] | p. 75b | such Acts as yours.] | p. 91 <i>bis b</i> |
| IV. i. 30. What doth concerne your comming? / [Then (my lord)] | p. 91a | IV. iv. 52. And how accompanied? [Canst thou tell / that?] | p. 93a |
| IV. ii. 8. Then now to see you heere an Iron man | p. 92b | IV. iv. 120. So thinne, that Life looks through, [and will breake out.] | p. 93b |
| Quarto adds <i>talking</i> : and has <i>That for Then</i> . | | IV. iv. 132. Into some other Chamber: [softly 'pray.] | p. 94a |
| IV. ii. 117. Meet for Rebellion, [and | | IV. v. 50. What would your Maiestie? [how fares your / Grace?] | p. 94a |
- (*d*) Instances in which *à priori* there would be little to choose between the Folio and Quarto; but in most cases the Folio reading is evidently the later and altered one.
- | | | | |
|--|--------|--|--------------------|
| I. i. 33. Now <i>Trauers</i> , what good tidings comes <i>fjō</i> you? | p. 74b | Quarto, <i>haue wrong</i> . | |
| Quarto, <i>with</i> . | | II. ii. 177. no word to your / Master that I am yet <i>in</i> Towne, | p. 81b |
| I. i. 41. He told me, that Rebellion had <i>ill</i> lucke, | p. 75a | Quarto, <i>come to</i> . | |
| Quarto, <i>bad</i> . | | II. iii. 10. The Time was (Father) <i>when</i> you broke your word, | p. 81b |
| I. i. 103. a sullen Bell Remembred, <i>knolling</i> a departing Friend. | p. 75b | Quarto, <i>that</i> . | |
| Quarto, <i>tolling</i> . | | II. iv. 48. If the Cooke [Q + help to] make the Gluttonie, you helpe to make the Diseases. | p. 82b |
| I. ii. 87. Do / not the Rebels <i>want</i> Soldiers? | p. 76b | III. ii. 102. haue you / prouided me heere halfe a dozen of sufficient men? | p. 87a |
| Quarto, <i>need</i> . | | Quarto omits <i>of</i> . | |
| I. ii. 143. I care not if I <i>be</i> your Physitian | p. 77a | III. ii. 142. but <i>not</i> of the Fathers / substance. | p. 87a |
| Quarto, <i>doe become</i> . | | Quarto, <i>much</i> . | |
| I. ii. 186. You follow the yong Prince vp and downe, like / his <i>euill</i> Angell. | p. 77b | III. ii. 245. for my / <i>old</i> Dames sake, stand my friend. | p. 88a |
| Quarto, <i>ill</i> . | | Quarto omits <i>old</i> . | |
| II. i. 54. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee <i>there</i> | p. 79a | IV. iii. 97. There's neuer <i>any</i> of these demure Boyes come / to any prooue: | p. 92 <i>bis b</i> |
| Quarto, <i>in the channel</i> . | | Quarto, <i>none</i> . | |
| II. i. 97. for <i>lik'ning</i> him to a singing man of Windsor. | p. 79b | IV. iv. 32. a Hand | |
| Quarto, <i>liking his father</i> . | | Open (as Day) for <i>melting</i> Charitie | |
| II. ii. 34. their Fathers <i>lying</i> so sicke | p. 80b | Quarto, <i>meeting</i> . | p. 93a |
| Quarto, <i>being</i> . | | IV. iv. 39. But being moodie, giue him <i>Line</i> , and scope. | p. 93a |
| II. ii. 76. see if the fat villain have not trans / form'd him Ape. | p. 80b | Quarto, <i>time</i> . | |
| Quarto, <i>looke</i> . | | V. iii. 90. Not the ill winde which blowes <i>none</i> to good, | p. 98b |
| II. ii. 105. the gallowes shall <i>be wrong'd</i> . | p. 81a | Quarto, <i>no man</i> . | |

of the cancelled passages are necessary to complete the sense of the context as it remains in the Quarto. Take the omitted passage I. i. 189—209; according to the Quarto, Morton says he hears for certain—something which does not appear; and Northumberland immediately replies, "I knew of this before, but. . . This present griefe had wipte it from my mind." Now if we turn to the Folio, we find that the event referred to is the rising of the Archbishop of York, who is lending to the insurrectionary movement that religious sanction, the lack of which had hitherto crippled it; information absolutely necessary to complete the sense of the Quarto passage. Compare also I. iii. 34—62, II. iii. 9—50, and IV. i. 99—140, as they stand in the Quarto and Folio respectively; and the nature of the deficiencies of the Quarto will be at once apparent. The other

(e) Instances in which the Folio reading is decidedly faulty or inferior.

- Ind. 8. Stuffing the Eares of *them* with
false Reports : p. 74a
 Quarto, men.
- I. i. 44. And bending forwards strooke
his *able* heeles,
Against the panting sides of his
poore Iade
Vp to the Rowell head. p. 75a
 Quarto, armed.
- I. i. 59. [The gentleman] vpon my life
Speake at aduventure. p. 75a
 Quarto, Spoke at a venture.
- I. ii. 115. Sir *lohn*, I sent [Q + for] you
before your Expedition, to Shrews-
burie. p. 77a
- I. iii. 1. Thus haue you heard our
causes, & kno our Means : p. 78a
 Quarto, cause.
- II. i. 199. being you / are to take
Souldiers vp, in *Countries* as you
go. p. 80a
 Quarto, Counties.
- II. ii. 80. Come you *pernitious* Asse.
you bashfull Foole p. 80b
 Quarto, vertuous.
- II. ii. 117. for looke you / [Q + how]
he writes. p. 81a
- II. iii. 2. Giue *an* euen way vnto my
rough Affaires : p. 81b
 Quarto omits an.
- II. iv. 171. to the Infernall Deepe,
where Erebus and Tortures vilde /
also. p. 83b
 Quarto, with.
- II. iv. 214. Here's *good* stuffe toward.
p. 83b
 Quarto, goodly.
- IV. ii. 102-3. [Q + My Lord] Our
Army is dispers'd : [Q + already]
Like youthfull Steeres, vnyoak'd,
they *tooke* their course p. 91 *bis* b
 Quarto, take.
- IV. iii. 133. If I had a thousand
Sonnes, the first [Q + humane]
Principle / I would teach them,
should be to forswear thinne
Pota- / tions. p. 92 *bis* b
- IV. v. 180. That thou might'st *ioyne*
the more, thy Fathers loue, p. 95b
 Quarto, win.
- V. i. 91. he shall laugh *with Interual-*
lums. p. 96b
 Quarto, without.
- V. ii. 36. Sweet Princes : what I did,
I did in Honor,
Led by th' *Imperiall* Conduct of
my Soule, p. 97a
 Quarto, imparciall.
- V. ii. 96. And then imagine me, taking
you part, p. 97b
 Quarto, your.
- V. iii. 31. but you [Q + must] beare, /
the heart's all. p. 98a
- V. v. 24. *Fal.* As it were, to ride day
and night, / And not to deliberate,
not to remember, / Not to haue
patience to shift me.
Shal. It is *most* certaine. p. 99b
 Quarto, best.
- V. v. 113. I *heare* a Bird so sing,
Whose Musicke (to my thinking)
pleas'd the King. p. 100b
 Quarto, heard.

omitted passages (I. i. 166—179; I. iii. 21—24; I. iii. 86—108; IV. i. 55—79) are not such obvious ‘cuts,’ because made with greater judgment, but there is no need to suppose any other cause for their absence, nor is any other motive apparent than that of reducing the length of the play.¹ Of course these omissions are due not to the printer of the Quarto, but to the transcript that he printed from, in which these passages had, as the Cambridge editors suggest, been either erased or left out altogether. The text, as it stands in the Folio, is evidently from an independent source. The presence of these omitted passages, the absence of a few scattered Quarto lines throughout the play, and the numerous minor differences, all point to this conclusion. Shakspeare’s original MS. had very possibly been destroyed when the Globe was burnt down in 1613; and the editors of the Folio probably had to content themselves with a more or less faulty transcript—itsself perhaps two or three degrees removed from the original. It was not free from blunders of its own; it reproduced a few of the blunders of the Quarto,² and even in such a manifestly defective passage as IV. i. 94,³ it had nothing better to give. Still, after all deductions have been made, and apart from its supplying the ‘cuts’ of the Quarto, the Folio gives us very valuable help towards the formation of the text. It often has what is obviously the true reading, where the Quarto has gone astray, and in a few places, nearly all (it may be noticed) in Act IV. it fills up lines that were metrically defective.⁴ In those places in which there seems but little choice between the reading of the Quarto and the

¹ A fanciful critic might perhaps suggest that the Archbishop’s strictures on the “fond Many” (I. iii. 86, &c.) were cut out to please the groundlings; but this is very unlikely.

² In II. i. 145, where the Quarto has *enter a messenger*, the Folio has *Enter M. Gower*: but the two speeches of his that have *Mess.* prefixed to them in the Quarto have also *Mess.* in the Folio. His other speeches have *Gower* Quarto and *Gow.* Folio. In IV. i. 180, both Quarto and Folio have ‘At’ for ‘And’; also in IV. ii. 19, ‘imagine’ for ‘imagined’; and in IV. iii. 116, ‘extreames’ and ‘extremes’ for ‘extreme.’

³ *West.* When euer yet was your Appeale deny’d?
Wherein haue you beene galled by the King?
What Peere hath beene suborn’d, to grate on you,
That you should seale this lawlesse bloody Booke
Of forg’d Rebellion, with a Seale diuine?
[And consecrate commotions bitter edge.]

Bish. My Brother generall, the Common-wealth,
[To brother born an houshold cruelty]
I make my Quarrell, in particular.

Folio, p. 91b.

The lines in brackets are only in the Quarto. See below, § 3.

⁴ See IV. i. 30; ii. 117; iv. 120; v. 50, &c. Yet with a misplaced grammatical zeal the Folio constantly prints the stricter ‘he,’ ‘of,’ ‘on’ and ‘or,’ where the Quarto has appropriately the colloquial ‘a’: so also ‘if’ for ‘and’ (an), ‘before’ for ‘afore,’ ‘thou wilt’ for ‘thou’t.’

Folio, the former, as representing in all probability the earlier, purer, and less sophisticated text, should have the preference; and in forming a received text it will therefore be safer to take the Quarto corrected by the Folio than *vice versâ*.

§ 3. There are two forms of the present Quarto (1600): in the one (Qa), signature E has the usual number of four leaves; in the other (Qb), signature E has six leaves. The two additional leaves in the latter were inserted to make room for Act III. sc. i., which owing to some oversight is altogether wanting in the former, and a certain number of impressions seem to have been struck off before the omission was discovered. But since the new matter did not exactly fit into the two additional leaves, the compositor took to pieces the whole of the type forming the two leaves E₃ and E₄, as they stand in Qa, and, inserting the additional scene, reset the whole as it now stands in Qb in four leaves, viz., E₃, E₄, E₅, and E₆. Consequently for so much of these four leaves, as is not taken up with Act III. sc. i., we have two distinct versions; that is, from "Host. No I warrant you," II. iv. 369, to the end of the Act; and from the beginning of Act III. sc. ii. to "Sha. What think you fir Iohn, a good limbd fellow, yong, [fstrong,¹" III. ii. 114. The differences between the two versions are however very minute, and chiefly consist in differences of spelling; but to make this facsimile, which represents Qb, as complete as possible, I have given on the margin all the variations of Qa from Malone's copy of that impression in the Bodleian, and Mr Griggs has added, as an Appendix, facsimiles of leaves E₃, E₄ of Qa from the copy of sheet E in the British Museum. One or two other slight changes were also made while the edition was being printed off. Thus the two lines, "And confecrate commotions bitter edge," and "To brother born an houfhold cruelty" (IV. i. 93, 95), are wanting in Malone's copy of Qb, while his copy of Qa and the Duke of Devonshire's Qb have them. They are also wanting in the Folio. The following varieties are also noted in the Cambridge *Shakespeare*: 'genius' and 'gemies,' III. ii. 337;² 'let' and 'till,' III. ii. 357;³ and 'you' and 'your,' V. ii. 140.⁴

§ 4. It remains to notice one or two peculiarities in this edition. In I. i. 161, the prefix *Vmfr.* will be found to the line, "This frained paffion doth you wrong my lord." In the Folio the line is absent, and modern editors have assigned it to Lord Bardolph

¹ 'Strong' is the catchword.

² Both Malone's copies have 'genius': the Duke's has 'gemies.'

³ Both Malone's 'till': the Duke's 'let.'

⁴ Both Malone's and the Duke's also 'you.' See also Malone's own note on the obscure passage in Act IV. sc. i. ll. 93-96. *Variorum Shakespeare*, 1821, vol. xvii. p. 150.

(Theobald), or Travers (Capell, &c.). Prof. Hagena has however pointed out¹ that the part now played by Lord Bardolph in this scene in all probability belonged originally to Sir John Umfrevile; and that to save the necessity of an additional actor, it was afterwards made over to Lord Bardolph, who appears in the third scene of the same act. The change, however, at least as far as the Quarto is concerned, was not completed; for in line 34, Travers says, "My lord, fir Iohn Vmfreuile turnd me backe With ioyfull tidings," when consistently with ll. 30-32:

"*Bar.* My lord, I ouer-rode him on the way,
And he is furnisht with no certainties,
More then he haply may retale from me—"

he should have said, "Lord Bardolph turnd me back;" and in line 161 the prefix *Vmfr-* has been left unchanged. Prof. Hagena further argues that, according to the original scheme of the play, Lord Bardolph could not have been present at all during this scene; for, if he had been, he would have heard Morton inform the Earl of Northumberland that the king's forces were advancing against him under the command of Prince John of Lancaster and the Earl of Westmoreland (ll. 131-5): but in sc. iii. l. 81, he asks, "Who is it like should lead his forces hither?" and receives the same information from Hastings in reply. Under these circumstances, whether the change was made for theatrical convenience, or, as Mr Daniel suggests, to bring the play more into agreement with the *Chronicles*, where Umfrevile is always on the King's party, and not on the Earl's,—an editor might well be tempted to restore consistency to the scene by deciding finally in favour either of Sir John Umfrevile or of Lord Bardolph; but in either case there can be no hesitation in adopting Mr Daniel's suggestion that line 161 ("This strained passion doth you wrong my lord") should be given the actor who now takes Bardolph's part, and that the next line ("Sweet earle, diuorce not wifedom from your honour") should be the first line of Morton's speech.

In Act V. sc. iv. the part assigned to the 'officer' in the Folio, is in the Quarto assigned to 'Sincklo.' This, of course, was the name of the actor who took the part. He seems to have played third-rate parts, such as sheriff's officers, keepers, and 'Players.' We find his name prefixed to a line in the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew* (Folio), and in 3 *Henry VI.*, Act III. sc. i., we have the stage-direction, "*Enter Sincklo, and Humfrey, with Crosse-bowes in their hands*" (Folio). He is also introduced together with Bur-

¹ See his paper, and Mr P. A. Daniel's comment in the *N. S. S. Transactions* for 1877-78, p. 347, &c.

T H E
 Second part of Henrie
 the fourth, continuing to his death,
and coronation of Henrie
 the fift.

With the humours of sir Iohn Fal
staffe, and *swaggering*
 Pistoll.

As it hath been sundrie times publikely
 acted by the right honourable, the Lord
 Chamberlaine his seruants.

Written by William Shakespear.



L O N D O N
 Printed by V . S . for Andrew Wise, and
 William Aspley.
 1600.

bage, Condell, Lowin, &c. in the Induction to Marston's *Malcontent* (1604), and he acted a part in the *Seven Deadlie Sinns*.¹

The only other contemporary evidence we have as to the original actors in this play is a passage in *The returne from Pernassus*, 1602, where Kempe, who is introduced together with Burbage in Act IV. sc. v. (p. 59, ed. Arber), is made to say to one of the students they are instructing in the art of acting:—"Now for you, me thinkes you should belong to my tuition, and your face me thinkes would be good for a foolish Mayre or a foolish iustice of peace." From this it has been inferred that Kempe was the original Justice Shallow.²

The following names occur in the stage-directions of the Quarto; but no part is assigned to them, and they are omitted by the Folio, and by modern editors: *Fauconbridge*, I. iii. 1; *sir Iohn Ruffel*, II. ii. 1; *Will.*, II. iv. 20; *sir Iohn Blunt*, III. i. 30 [in I. i. 16, 17, we are told that 'both the Blunts' had been slain by Douglas; but this may be a part of Lord Bardolph's mistaken intelligence]. *Bardolfe*, IV. i. 1 [Lord Bardolph did not take part in the Archbishop's insurrection].

§ 5. The present Facsimile is taken from the copy of the original belonging to the Duke of Devonshire. It is one of those impressions that were struck off after the omission of the first scene of Act III. had been discovered, and Sig. E. has therefore six leaves instead of the usual four. As in the Duke's other Quartos, the Headlines have suffered from the mounter's knife, but the copy is otherwise perfect. As in the Facsimile of the 1598 Quarto of Part I., the marginal division into Acts and Scenes, and the line numbers are those of the *Globe Shakespeare*. The mark > signifies that at the places which it indicates one or more lines, to be found in the Folio, are absent from the Quarto. Lines only in the Quarto are starred (*), and lines that require emendation are daggered (†).

HERBERT A. EVANS.

¹ Malone in *Var. Shakespeare*, 1821, vol. v. p. 368. The *Seven Deadlie Sinns* was one of those performances in which the actors extemporised the dialogue in accordance with a prearranged scheme. It is assigned to Richard Tarlton (ob. 1588); and in the 'Platt' or plot of the second part, printed in the *Var. Shakespeare*, 1821, vol. iii. p. 348, and in Mr J. Payne Collier's *History of English Dramatic Poetry*, ed. 1879, vol. iii. p. 198, Sincklo's name occurs eight times.

² Malone in *Var. Shakespeare*, 1821, vol. xvii. p. 114.

[From the Folio: Histories, p. 68.]



THE
ACTORS
NAMES.

REMOVR the Presenter.
King *Henry* the Fourth.
Prince *Henry*, afterwards Crowned King *Henrie* the Fift.
Prince *John* of Lancaster. }
Humphrey of Gloucester. } Sonnes to *Henry* the Fourth, & brethren to *Henry* 5.
Thomas of Clarence. }

Northumberland. }
The Arch Byshop of Yorke. }
Mowbray. }
Hastings. } Opposites against King *Henrie* the Fourth.
Lord Bardolfe. }
Trauers. }
Morton. }
Coleuile. }

Warwicke. }
Westmerland. } Of the Kings }
Surrey. } Partie. }
Gowre. }
Harecourt. }
Lord Chiefe Iustice. } Pointz. }
Falstaffe. } Irregular }
Bardolphe. } Humourists. }
Pistoll. }
Peto. }
Page. }

Shallow. } Both Country }
Silence. } Iustices. }
Dauie, Seruant to Shallow. }
Phang, and Snare, 2. Serieants. } Drawers. }
Mouldie. } Beadles. }
Shadow. } Groomes. }
Wart. } Country Soldiers. }
Feeble. }
Bullcalfe. } Northumberlands Wife.
Percies Widdow.
Hostesse Quickly.
Doll Teare-sheete.
Epilogue.






The second part of Henry the fourth,
continuing to his death, and coro-
 nation of Henry the
 fift.

Enter Rumour painted full of Tongues.

Induction


 Pen your eares; for which of you will stop
 The vent of hearing, when lowd Rumor speaks?
 I from the Orient to the drooping West,
 (Making the wind my poste-horſe) ſtill vnfold
 The acts commenced on this ball of earth,
 Vpon my tongues continuall ſlanders ride,
 The which in euery language I pronounce,
 Stuffing the eares of men with falſe reports,
 I ſpeake of peace while couert enmity,
 Vnder the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world:
 And who but Rumor, who but onely I,
 Make fearefull muſters, and prepar'd defence,
 Whiles the bigge yeare, ſwolne with ſome other grieſe,
 Is thought with child by the ſterne tyrant Warre?
 And no ſuch matter Rumour is a pipe,
 Blowne by ſurmizes, Iealouſies coniectures,
 And of ſo eaſie, and ſo plaine a ſtop,
 That the blunt monſter, with vncounted heads,
 The ſtill diſcordant wau'ring multitude,
 Can play vpon it. But what need I thus
 (My wel knowne body) to ano. homize
 Among my houſhold? why is Rumor here?

A 2

I

Induction

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

24 I runne before King Harries victorie,
 Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
 Hath beaten downe yong Hot-spurre and his troopes,
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion,
 Euen with the rebels blood. But what meane I
 28 To speake so true at first: my office is
 To noyse abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
 Vnder the wrath of noble Hot-spurs sword,
 And that the King before the Douglas rage,
 32 Stoopt his annointed head as low as death.
 This haue I rumour'd through the peasant townes,
 Betweene that royall field of Shrewsbury,
 And this worme-eaten hole of ragged stone,
 36 When Hot-spurs father old Northumberland
 Lies crafty sicke, the postes come tyring on,
 And not a man of them brings other newes,
 Than they haue learnt of me, from Rumors tongues,
 40 They bring smooth comforts false, worse then true wrongs.
 † *exit Rumours.*

Enter the Lord Bardolfe at one doore.

7 *Bard.* Who keeps the gate here ho? where is the Earle?

Porter What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the Earle,

That the Lord Bardolfe doth attend him heere.

4 *Porter* His Lordship is walkt forth into the orchard,

Please it your honor knocke but at the gate,

And he himselfe will answer. *Enter the Earle Northumberland.*

Bard. Here comes the Earle.

8 *Earle.* What newes Lord Bardolfe? euery minute now
 Should be the father of some Stratagem,
 The times are wild, contention like a horse,
 Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
 And beares downe all hefore him.

Bard. Noble Earle,

12 I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.

Earle Good, and God will.

Bard.

HENRY THE JOUEN.

Bard. As good as heart can wish:
 The King is almost wounded to the death,
 And in the fortune of my Lord your sonne,
 Prince Harry slaine outright, and both the Blunts
 Kild by the hand of Dowglas, yong prince Iohn,
 And Westmerland and Stafford fled the field,
 And Harry Monmouthes brawne the hulke sir Iohn,
 Is prisoner to your sonne: O such a day!
 So fought, so followed, and so fairely wonne,
 Came not till now to dignifie the times
 Since Cæsars fortuncs.

Earle. How is this deriu'd?
 Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

Bar. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence, *enter*
 A gentleman well bred, and of good name, *Trauers.*
 That freely rendred me these newes for true.

Earle. Here comes my seruant Trauers who I sent
 On tuesday last to listen after newes.

Bar. My lord, I ouer-rodde him on the way,
 And he is furnisht with no certainties,
 More then he haply may retale from me.

Earle. Now Trauers, what good tidings comes with you?

Trauers. My lord, sir Iohn Vmfreuile turnd me backe
 With ioyfull tidings, and being better horst,
 Out rode me, after him came spurring hard,
 A gentleman almost forspent with speede,
 That stopt by me to breathe his bloudied horse,
 He askt the way to Chester, and of him
 I did demand what newes from Shrewsbury,
 He told me that rebellion had bad lucke,
 And that yong Harrie Percies spur was cold:
 With that he gaue his able horse the head,
 And bending forward, strooke his armed heeles,
 Against the panting sides of his poore iade,
 Vp to the rowell head, and starting so,
 He seem'd in running to deuoure the way,

Staying no longer question. *Earle* Ha? againe,
 Said he, yong Harry Percies spur was cold,
 Of Hot-spurre, Cold-spurre, that rebellion
 Had met ill lucke?

Bard. My lord, Ile tell you what,
 If my yong Lord your sonne, haue not the day,
 Vpon mine honor for a silken point,
 Ile giue my Barony, neuer talke of it.

Earle Why should that gentleman that rode by Trauers,
 Giue then such instances of losse?

Bard. Who he?
 He was some hilding fellow that had stolne
 The horse he rode on, and vpon my life
 Spoke at a venter. Looke, here comes more news. *enter Mor-*

Earle Yea this mans brow, like to a tittle leafe, *ton.*
 Foretells the nature of a tragicke volume,
 So lookes the strond, whereon the imperious floud,
 Hath left a witnes of vsurpation.

Say Mourton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mour. I ranne from Shrewsbury my noble lord,
 Where hatefull death put on his vglieft maske,
 To fright our partie.

Earle How doth my sonne and brother?
 Thou tremblest, and the whitenes in thy cheeke,
 Is apter then thy tongue to tell thy arrand,
 Euen such a man, so faint, so spiritleffe,
 So dull, so dead in looke, so woe begon,
 Drew Priams curtaine in the dead of night,
 And would haue told him, halfe his Troy was burnt:
 But Priam found the fier, ere he, his tongue,
 And I, my Percies death, ere thou reportst it.
 This thou wouldst say, Your son did thus and thus,
 Your brother thus: so fought the noble Dowglas,
 Stopping my greedy eare with their bold deedes,
 But in the end, to stop my eare indeed,
 Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
 Ending with brother, sonne, and all are dead.

Mour.

Henry the fourth.

Mour. Douglas is liuing, and your brother yet,
But for my Lord your sonne:

Earle Why he is dead?

See what a ready tongue Suspition hath!
He that but feares the thing hee would not know,
Hath by instinct, knowledge from others eies,
That what he feard is chanced: yet speake Mourton,
Tell thou an Earle, his diuination lies,
And I will take it as a sweete disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mour. You are too great to be by me gainsaid,
Your spirite is too true, your feares too certaine.

Earle Yet for all this, say not that Percie's dead,
I see a strange confession in thine eie,
Thou shakst thy head, and holdst it feare, or sinne,
To speake a truth: if he be slaine,
The tongne offends not that reports his death,
And he doth sinne that doth belie the dead,
Not he which saies the dead is not aliue,
Yet the first bringer of vnwelcome newes
Hath but a loosing office, and his tongue
Sounds euer after as a fullen bell,
Remembered tolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot thinke, my Lord, your sonne is dead.

Mour. I am fory I should force you to belecue,
That which I would to God I had not seene,
But these mine eies saw him in bloody state,
Rending faint quittance, wearied, and out-breathd,
To Harry Monmouth, whose swift wrath beat downe
The neuer daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he neuer more sprung vp.
In few his death, whose spirite lent a fire,
Euen to the dullest peasant in his campe,
Being bruted once, tooke fire and heate away,
From the best temperd courage in his troopes,
For from his mettal was his party steeled,

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L E T T E R S

Which once in him abated, al the rest
 Turnd on themfelues, like dull and heauy lead.
 And as the thing thats heauy in it selfe,
 120 Vpon enforcement flies with greateft speed:
 So did our men, heauy in Hot-spurs losse,
 Lend to this weight fuch lightnelle with their feare,
 That arrowes fled not fwifter toward their ayme,
 124 Than did our fouldiers aiming at their fufetic,
 Fly from the field; then was that noble Worcefter,
 So foone tane prifoner, and that furious Scot,
 † The bloody Douglas whose well labouring fword,
 128 Had three times flaine th appearance of the King,
 Gan vaile his stomacke, and did grace the fhame
 Of thofe that turnd their backs, and in his flight,
 Stumbling in feare, was tooke: the fumme of all
 132 Is, that the King hath wonne, and hath fent out,
 A speedy power to incounter you my lord,
 Vnder the conduct of yong Lancafter,
 And Westmerland: this is the news at ful.

136 *Earle* For this I fhall haue time enough to mourne,
 In poifon there is phificke, and thefe newes.
 Hauing beene wel, that would haue made me ficke:
 Being ficke, haue (in fome meafure) made me wel:
 140 And as the wretch whose feuer-weakned ioynts,
 Like ftrengthlefle hinges buckle vnder life,
 Impacient of his fit, breakes like a fire
 Out of his keepers armes; euen fo my limbes,
 144 Weakened with grieffe being now enragde with grieffe,
 Are thrice themfelues: hence therefore thou nice crutch,
 A fcaly gauntlet now with ioynts of fteele
 Must gloue this band and hence thou fickly coife,
 148 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 Which princes, flisht with conqueft, ayme to hit:
 Now bind my browes with yron, and approach
 The raggedft houre that Time and Spight dare bring,
 152 To frowne vpon th' inragde Northumberland,

Henry the fourth.

Let heauen kisse earth, now let not Natures hand
 Keepe the wild flood confind, let Order die,
 And let this world no longer be a stage,
 To feed contention in a lingering act:
 But let one spirite of the first borne Cain
 Raigne in all bosomes, that ech heart being fet
 On bloody courses, the rude sceane may end,
 And darknesse be the burier of the dead.

Vmfr. This strained passion doth you wrong my lord.

Bard. Sweet earle, diuorce not wisdom from your honor,

Mour. The liues of all your louing complices,
 Leaue on you health, the which if you giue ore,
 To stormy passion must perforce decay.

Bard. We all that are ingaged to this losse,
 Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas,
 That if we wrought out life, twas ten to one,
 And yet we venturd for the gaine proposde,
 Choakt the respect of likely perill fear'd,
 And since we are oreset, venture againe:
 Come, we will al put forth body and goods.

Mour. Tis more then time, and my most noble lord,
 I heare for certaine, and dare speake the truth.

North. I knew of this before, but to speake truth,
 This present grieffe had wipte it from my mind,
 Go in with me and counsell euery man,
 The aptest way for safety and reuenge,
 Get postes and letters, and make friends with speed,
 Neuer so few, and neuer yet more need.

exeunt.

*Enter sir Iohn alone, with his page bearing his sword
 and buckler.*

Iohn Sirra, you giant, what saies the doctor to my water?

Page He said sir, the water it self was a good healthy water,
 but for the party that owed it, he might haue moe diseases then
 he knew for.

B

Iohn

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2 DE SECURITATE PART VJ

8 *John* Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me : the braine
of this foolish compounded clay-man is not able to inuent any
12 thing that intends to laughter, more then I inuent, or is inuēted
on me, I am not only witty in my selfe, but the cause that wit is
in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath
16 ouerwhelmd al her litter but one, if the prince put thee into my
seruice for any other reason then to sett me off , why then I
haue no iudgement thou horeson mandrake, thou art fitter to
20 be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heels I was neuer man-
ned with an agot till now, but I wil in-fet you, neither in golde
nor siluer, but in vile apparell , and send you backe againe to
your master for a iewell, the iuuenall the prince your master,
24 whose chin is not yet sledge , I will sooner haue a beard grow
in the palme of my hand, then he shal get one off his cheek, &
† he will not sticke to say his face is a face royal, God may fi-
28 nish it when he will, tis not a haire amisse yet, he may keepe it
still at a face royall, for a barber shall neuer earne sixpence out
of it, and yet heele be crowing as if he had writte man euer
32 since his father was a batcheler, he may keepe his owne grace,
but hees almost out of mine I can assure him: what said master
Dommelton about the sattin for my short cloake and my
sloppes?

36 *Boy* He saide sir, you should procure him better assurance
then Bardolfe, he would not take his band and yours, he liked
not the securitie.

40 *sir Iohn* Let him be damn'd like the glutton, pray God his
tongue be hotter, a horeson Achitophel! a rascall: yea forsooth
knaue, to beare a gentle man in hand, and then stand vpon se-
44 † curity, the horeson smoothy-pates doe now weare nothing but
hie shooes and bunches of keyes at their girdles, and if a man is
through with them in honest taking vp, then they must stand
48 vpon security, I had as liue they would put ratsbane in my
mouth as offer to stop it with security, I lookt a should haue
sent me two and twenty yards of sattin, (as I am a true knight,)
52 and he sends me security: well he may sleepe in security, for he
hath the horne of aboundance, and the lightnesse of his wife
shines

shines through it: wheres Bardolf, & yet can not he see though he haue his owne lantthorne to light him.

Boy Hees gone in Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.
sir Iohn I bought him in Paules, and heele buy me a horse in Smithfield, and I could get me but a wife in the stewes, I were man'd, horse, and wiu d.

Enter Lord chiefe Iustice.

Boy Sir, here comes the noble man that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolfe.

sir Iohn Wait close, I will not see him.

Iustice Whats hee that goes there?

seru. Falstaffe, and t please your lordship.

Iust. He that was in question for the robbery?

seru. He my Lord, but he hath since done good seruice at Shrewsbury, & (as I heare,) is now going with some charge to the lord Iohn of Lancaster.

Iust. What to Yorke? call him backe againe.

seru. Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Iohn Boy, tell him I am deafe.

Boy You must speake lowder, my master is deafe.

Iust. I am sure he is to the hearing of any thing good, goe plucke him by the elbow, I must speake with him.

seru. Sir Iohn?

Falst. What? a yong knaue and begging? is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the King lacke subiects? do not the rebels need souldiers, though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worfe shame to beg then to be on the worst side, were it worfe then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

seru. You mistake me sir.

Iohn Why sir, did I say you were an honest man, setting my knighthood and my souldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

seru. I pray you sir then set your knighthood, and your souldiership aside, and giue me leaue to tell you, you lie in your throate, if you say I am any other then an honest man.

100 *John* I giue thee leaue to tell me, so I lay aside that which growes to me, if thou getst any leaue of me, hang me, if thou takst leaue, thou wert better be hangd, you hunt couëter, hence, auant.

104 *seru.* Sir, my Lord would speake with you.

Iust. Sir Iohn Falstaffe, a word with you.

106 *Falst.* My good Lord, God giue your lordship good time of day, I am glad to see your lordship abroad, I heard say your lordship was sicke, I hope your lordship goes abroad by aduise, your lordship, though not clean past your youth, haue yet some smack of an ague in you, some relish of the saltnes of time in you, and I most humbly beseech your lordship to haue a reuerend care of your health.

116 *Iustice* Sir Iohn, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

ser Iohn Andt please your lordship, I heare his maiesty is returned with some discomfört from Wales.

120 *Iust.* I talke not of his maiesty, you would not come when I sent for you.

Falst. And I heare moreouer, his highnes is falne into this same horson apoplexi.

124 *Iust.* Well, God mend him, I pray you let me speake with you.

128 *Falst.* This appoplexi as I take it, is a kind of lethergie, and't please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the bloud, a horson tingling.

Iust. What tell you me of it, be it as it is.

132 *Falst.* It hath it originall from much grieffe, from study, and perturbation of the braine, I haue read the cause of his effects in Galen, it is a kind of deafenes.

136 *Iust.* I think you are falne into the disease, for you heare not what I say to you.

† *Old.* Very wel my lord, very wel, rather and't please you it is the disease of not listning, the maladie of not marking that I am troubled withall.

140 *Iust.* To punish you by the heeles, would amend the attention

tion of your'cares , and I care not if I doe become your phisitian.

Falst. I am as poore as Iob my lord , but not so pacient, your Lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of pouerty, but how I should be your pacient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make som dramme of a scruple, or, indeede a scruple it selfe.

Iust. I sent for you when there were matters against you for your life to come speake with me.

Falst. As I was then aduisde by my learned counsaile in the lawes of this land seruice, I did not come.

Iust. Wel, the truth is sir Iohn, you liue in great infamy.

Falst. He that buckles himselte in my belt cannot liue in lesse.

Iust. Your meanes are very slender, and your waste is great.

Falst. I would it were otherwise, I would my meanes were greater and my waste slender.

Iust. You haue missed the youthfull prince.

Falst. The yong prince hath missed me, I am the felow with the great belly, and he my dogge.

Iust. Wel, I am loth to gall a new heald wound, your daies seruice at Shrewsbury , hath a little guilded ouer your nights exploit on Gadshill, you may thanke th vnquiet time, for your quiet or posting that action.

Falst. My lord.

Iust. But since all is well, keepe it so, wake not a sleeping wolfe.

Falst. To wake a wolfe, is as bad as smell a fox.

Iust. VWhat you are as a candle, the better part, burnt out.

Falst. A wassel candle my lord, al tallow, if I did say of wax, my growth would approue the truth.

Iust. There is not a white haire in your face, but should haue his effect of grauity.

Falst. His effect of grauy, grauie, grauie.

Iust. You follow the yong prince vp and downe, like his ill angell.

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188 *Falst.* Not so my lord, your ill angell is light, but I hope he
 192 that lookes vpon me will take me without weighing, and yet
 in some respects I grant I cannot go. I cannot tell, vertue is of
 so little regard in these costar-mongers times, that true valour
 is turnd Perod, Pregnancie is made a Tapster, & his quick wit
 196 † wasted in giuing reckônings, all the other giftes appertinent
 to man, as the malice of his age shapes the one not worth a
 goosbery, you that are old consider not the capacities of vs that
 are yong, you doe measure the heate of our liuers with the bit-
 200 terneesse of your galles, and we that are in the vaward of our
 youth, I must confesse are waggess too.

Lo. Do you set downe your name in the scroule of youth,
 that are written downe, old with all the characters of age? haue
 204 you not a moist eie, a dry hand, a yelow cheeke, a white beard,
 a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? is not your voice broken,
 your winde short, your chinne double, your wit single, and e-
 208 uery part about you blasted with antiquitie, and will you yet
 call your selfe yong? sic, sic, sic, sir Iohn.

* (½) *Iohn* My Lorde, I was borne about three of the clocke in
 212 the afternoone, with a white head, and something a round bel-
 he, for my voyce, I haue lost it with hallowing, and singing of
 Anthems: to approoue my youth further, I will not: the truth
 216 is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderstanding: and hee
 that wil caper with me for a thousand markes, let him lend me
 † the money, and haue at him for the boxe of the yeere that the
 Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke
 220 it like a sensible Lord: I haue checkt him for it, and the yong
 lion repents, mary not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silke,
 and olde sacke.

224 *Lord.* Well, God send the prince a better companion.

Iohn God send the companion a better prince, I cannot
 ridde my hands of him.

228 *Lord* Well, the King hath seuerd you: I heare you are go-
 ing with lord Iohn of Lancaster against the Archbishop and
 the Earle of Northumberland.

232 *Iohn* Yea, I thanke your prety sweet witte for it: but looke
 you

Henry the fourth.

you pray, all you that kisse my lady Peace at home, that our armies ioyne not in a hote day, for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweate extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, & I brandish any thing but a bottle. I would I might neuer spit white again: there is not a dangerous action can peepe out his head, but I am thrust vpon it. Wel, I cannot last euer, but it was alway yet the tricke of our English nation, if they haue a good thing, to make it too common. If yee will needs say I am an olde man, you should giue me rest: I would to God my name were not so terrible, to the enemy as it is, I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetuall motion.

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Lord Well be honest, be honest, and God blesse your expedition.

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John Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

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Lord Not a penny, not a penny, you are too impatient to beare crosses: fare you well: commend mee to my cousine Westmerland.

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John If I do, fillip me with a three man beetle: A man can no more separate age and couetousnesse, than a can part yong limbs and lechery, but the gowt galles the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees preuent my curses,

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Boy Sir.

(boy.

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John What money is in my purse?

Boy Seuen groates and two pence.

John I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse, borrowing onely lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable: Go beare this letter to my lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to olde mistress Vrfula, whome I haue weekely sworne to marry since I perceiud the first white haire of my chin: about it, you know where to finde me: a pox of this gowt, or a gowt of this pox, for the one or the other playes the rogue with my great toe. Tis no matter if I doe hault, I haue the warres for my color, and my penslon shal seeme the more reasonable: a good

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I.ii.

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wit will make vse of any thing; I will turne diseases to commo-
ditie.

I.iii.

*Enter th' Archbishop, Thomas Mowbray (Earle Marshall) the
Lord Hastings, Fauconbridge, and Bardolfe.*

Bishop Thus haue you heard our cause, and knowne our
And my most noble friends, I pray you al (meanes,
Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes,
And first Lord Marshall, what say you to it?

Marsh. I well allow the occasion of our armes,
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How in our meanes we should aduance our selues,
To looke with forehead, bold, and big enough,
Vpon the power and puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present musters grow vpon the file,
To fise aud twenty thousand men of choise,
And our supplies liue largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burnes
With an incensed fire of iniuries.

Bard. The question then Lord Hastings standeth thus,
Whether our present fise and twentie thousand,
May hold vp head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him we may.

Bard. Yea mary, theres the point,
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My iudgement is we should not step too far.

Bish. T is very true lord Bardolfe, for indeede
It was yong Hot-spurs cause at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was my Lord, who lined himselfe with hope,
Eating the ayre, and promise of supplie,
Flattring himselfe in proiect of a power,
Much smaller then the smallest of his thoughts,
And so with great imagination,
Proper to mad-men, led his powers to death,
And winking, leapt into destruction.

Hast. But by your leauē it neuer yet did hurt,

To

Henry the fourth.

To lay downe likelihoods and formes of hope.

Bard. We fortifie in paper, and in figures,
Vsing the names of men in steed of men,
Like on that drawes the model of an house,
Beyond his power to build it, who (halfe thorough)
Giues o re, and leaues his part created cost,
A naked subiect to the weeping clowdes,
And waste for churlish winters tyrannie.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire birth)
Should be stil borne, and that we now posselt
The vnmost man of expectation,
I thinke we are so, body strong enough,
Euen as we are to equal with the King.

Bard. What, is the King but siue and twenty thousand?

Hast. To vs no more, nay not so much, Lord Bardolfe,
For his diuisions, as the times do brawle,
And in three heads, one power against the French,
And one against Glendower perforce a third
Must take vp vs, so is the vnfirm King
In three diuided, and his coffers sound
With hollow pouertie and emptinesse.

Bish. That he should draw his seuerall strengths together,
And come against vs in full puissance,
Need not to be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so, French and Welch he leaues his
back vnarmde, they baying him at the heeles neuer feare that.

Bar. Who is it like should leade his forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmerland:
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted against the French
I haue no certaine notice.

Bish. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are Times subiects, and Time bids be gone. *ex.*

Enter Hostesse of the Tauerne, and an Officer or two.

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Hostesse.

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II.

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Hofteffe Master Phang, haue you entred the action?

Phang It is entred.

Hofst. Wheres your yeoman? ist a lusty yeoman? wil a stand too't?

Phang Sirra, wheres Snare?

Hofst. O Lord I, good master Snare.

Snare Here, here.

Phang Snare, we must arest sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Hofst. Yea good master Snare, I haue entred him and all.

Snare It may chaunce cost some of vs our liues, for he will stabbe.

Hofst. Alas the day, take heed of him, he stabd me in mine owne house, most beastly in good faith, a cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out, he will foyn like any diuell, he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Phang If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Hofst. No nor I neither, Ile be at your elbow.

Phang And I but fist him once, and a come but within my view.

Hofst. I am vndone by his going, I warrant you, hees an infinitiue thing vppon my score, good maister Phang holde him sure, good master Snare let him not scape, a comes continually to Pie corner (sauing your manhoods) to buy a saddle, and he is indited to dinner to the Lubbers head in Lumbert streete to master Smooths the silk man, I pray you since my exion is entred, and my case so openly knowne to the worlde, let him be brought in to his answer, a hundred marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare, and I haue borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin subd off, and subd off, and subd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on, there is no honesty in such dealing, vnlesse a woman should be made an asse, and a beast, to beare euery knaues wrong: yonder he comes, and that arrant malmisie-nose knaue Bardolfe with him, do your offices, do your offices master Phāg, & master Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter sir Iohn, and Bardolfe, and i the boy.

Falst.

Henry the fourth.

Falst. How now, whose mare's dead? whats the matter?

Phang I arrest you at the sute of mistris, quickly.

Falst. Away varlets, draw Bardolfe, cut me off the villaines head, throw the queane in the channell.

Host. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee in the channell, wilt thou, wilt thou, thou bastardly rogue, murder murder, a thou honisuckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers and the Kings? a thou honifeed rogue, thou art a honifeed, a man queller, and a woman queller.

Falst. Keepe them off Bardolfe.

Offic. A reskew, a reskew.

Host. Good people bring a reskew or two, thou wot, wot thou, thou wot, wot ta, do do thou rogue, do thou hempseed.

Boy. Away you scullian, you rampallian, you fustilarian, ile tickle your catastrophe.

Enter Lord chiefe iustice and his men.

Lord What is the matter? keepe the peace here, ho.

Hofesse Good my lord be good to me, I beseech you stand to me.

Lord How now sir Iohn, what are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and businesse? You should haue bin well on your way to Yorke: Stand from him fellow, wherefore hang'st thou vpon him.

Host. O my most worshipful Lord, and't please your grace I am a poore widdow of Eastcheape, and he is arrested at my sute.

Lord For what summe?

Host. It is more then for some my Lord, it is for al I haue, he hath eaten me out of house and home, he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his, but I wil haue some of it out againe, or I wil ride thee a nights like the mare.

Falst. I think I am as like to ride the mare if I haue any vantage of ground to get vp.

Lord How comes this sir Iohn? what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation, are you not aghamed to inforce a poore widdow, to so rough a course to come

A second part of

by her owne.

Falst. What is the grosse summe that I owe thee?

Hofst. Mary if thou wert an honest man, thy selfe and the mony too: thou didst sweare to me vpon a parcell guilt goblet, sitting in my dolphin chamber, at the round table by a sea cole fire, vpon wednesday in Wheleson weeke, when the prince broke thy head, for liking his father to a singing man of Winfor, thou didst sweare to me thē, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife, canst thou deny it, did not goodwife Keech the butchers wife come in then and cal me gossip Quickly, comming in to borow a messe of vinegar, telling vs she had a good dish of prawnes, whereby thou didst desire to eate some, whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound, and didst thou not, when she was gone down stayers, desire me, to be no more so familiarity, with such poore people, saying that ere long they should cal me madam, and didst thou not kisse me, and bid me fetch thee thirtie shillings, I put thee now to thy booke oath, denie it if thou canst.

Falst. My lord this is a poore made soule, and she saies vp and downe the towne, that her eldest sonne is like you, she hath bin in good case and the trueth is pouerty hath distracted her, but for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may haue redresse against them.

Lo. Sir Iohn sir Iohn, I am wel acquainted with your maner of wrenching the true cause, the false way: it is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more then impudent sawcines from you can thrust me from a leuel consideration: you haue as it appeares to me practisde vpon the easie yeelding spirite of this woman, and made her serue your vses both in purse and in person.

Hofst. Yea in truth my Lord.

Lo. Pray thee peace, pay her the debt you owe her and vn- pay the villany you haue done with her, the one you may doe with stealing mony, and the other with currant repentance.

Falst. My Lord I will not vndergoe this snepe without reply, you cal honorable boldnes impudent sawcinesse, if a man wil

Henry the fourth.

will make curtsie and say nothing, he is vertuous, no my Lord my humble duty remembred, I will not bee your ~~swear~~, I say to you I do desire deliuerance from these officers, being vpon halty imployment in the Kings affayres.

Lord You speake as hauing power to do wrong, but answer in th' effect of your reputation, and satisfic the poore woman.

Falst. Come hither hostesse.

Lord Now master Gower, what newes. *enter a messenger.*

Gower The King my Lord, and Harry prince of Wales, Are neare at hand, the rest the paper tells.

Falst. As I am a gentleman!

Host. Faith you said so before.

Falst. As I am a gentleman, come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heaunly ground I tread on, I must be faine to pawne both my plate, & the tapestry of my dining chambers.

Falst. Glasses glasse is the onely drinking, and for thy wals a pretty sleight drollery, or the storie of the prodigal, or the Iarman hunting in waterworke, is worth a thousand of these bed hangers, and these flie bitten tapestrie, let it be x. l. if thou canst: come, and twere not for thy humors, theres not a better wench in England, goe wash thy face and draw the action, come thou must not be in this humor with me, dost not know me, come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee sir Iohn let it be but twentie nobles, ifaith I am loath to pawne my plate so God saue me law.

Falst. Let it alone, ile make other shift, youle be a foole stil.

Host. Well, you shall haue it, though I pawne my gowne, I hope youle come to supper, youle pay me al together.

Falst. Wil I liue? goe with her, with her, hooke on, hooke on.

exit hostesse and sergent.

Host. Will you haue Doll Tere-sheet meete you at supper.

Falst. No more words, lets haue her.

Lord. I haue heard better newes.

Falst. Whats the newes my lord?

Lord. Where lay the King to night?

The Second part of

Mess. At Billingsgate my Lord.

Falst. I hope my Lord al's wel, what is the newes my lord?

Lord Come all his forces backe?

Mess. No, fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse
Are marcht vp to my lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop.

Falst. Comes the King back from Wales, my noble lord?

Lord You shall haue letters of me presently,
Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Falst. My lord.

Lord Whats the matter?

Falstaffe Maister Gower, shall I intreate you with meeto
dinner?

Gower I must waite vpon my good lord here, I thank you
good sir Iohn.

Lord Sir Iohn, you loyter heere too long,
Being you are to take souldiers vp
In Counties as you go.

Falstaffe Will you suppe with mee maister Gower?

Lord What foolish maister taught you these manners, sir
Iohn?

Falstaffe Maister Gower, if they become me not, hee was a
foole that taught them mee : this is the right fencing grace, my
Lord, tap for tap, and so part faire.

Lord Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great foole.

Enter the Prince, Poynes, sir Iohn Russel, with other.

Prince Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poynes Ist come to that? I had thought wearines durst not
haue attacht one of so hie blood.

Prince Faith it does me, though it discolors the complexi-
on of my greatnes to acknowledge it : doth it not shew vildly
in me, to desire small beere?

Poynes Why a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as
to remember so weake a composition.

Prince Belike then my appetite was not princely gote, for
by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature smal beere.

But

Henry the fourth.

But indeed these humble considerations make me out of loue with my greatnesse. What a disgrace is it to mee to remember thy name? or to know thy face to morow? or to take note how many paire of silke stockings thou hast with these, and those that were thy peach colourd once, or to beare the inuentorie of thy shirts, as one for superfluitie, and another for vse. But that the Tennis court keeper knows better than I, for it is a low eb of linnen with thee when thou keepest not racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of the low Countries haue eate vp thy holland: and God knows whether those that bal out the ruines of thy linnen shal inherite his kingdom: but the Midwiues say, the children are not in the fault where-vpon the world increaseth, and kinreds are mightily strenghtened.

Poynes How ill it followes, after you haue labored so hard, you should talke so ydley! tell me how many good yong princes woulde doe so, their fathers being so sicke, as yours at this time is.

Prince Shall I tel thee one thing Poynes?

Poynes Yes faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prince It shall serue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Poynes Go to, I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

Prince Mary I tell thee it is not meete that I should bee sad now my father is sicke, albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me for fault of a better to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeede too.

Poynes Very hardly, vpon such a subiect.

Prince By this hand, thou thinkest me as farre in the diuels booke, as thou and Falstaffe, for obduracie and persistancie, let the end trie the man, but I tel thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick, and keeping such vile company as thou arte, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrowe.

Poynes The reason.

Prince.

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56 *Prince* What wouldst thou thinke of me if I should weep?

Poynes I woulde thincke thee a most princely hypocrite.

60 *Prince* It would bee euery mans thought, and thou arte a blessed fellow, to thinke as euery man thinkes, neuer a mans thought in the world, keeps the rode way better then thine, euerie man would thinke me an hypocrite indeede, and what accites your most worshipfull thought to thinke so?

64 *Poynes* Why because you haue been so lewd and so much engraffed to Falstaffe. *Prince* And to thee.

68 *Poyne* By this light I am well spoke on, I can heare it with mine owne eares the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands, and those two things I confesse I cannot helpe: by the masse here comes Bardolfe.

Enter Bardolfe and boy.

76 *Prince.* And the boy that I gaue Falstaffe, a had him from me Christian, and looke if the fat villaine haue not transformd him Ape.

Bard. God saue your grace.

Prince And yours most noble Bardolfe.

80 *Poynes* Come you vertuous asse, you bashfull foole, must you be blushing, wherefore blush you now? what a maidenly man at armes are you become? ist such a matter to get a pottle-pots maidenhead?

84 *Boy* A calls me enow my Lord through a red lattice, and I could discerne no part of his face from the window, at last I spied his eies, and me thought he had made two holes in the ale wiues peticote and so peept through.

Prince Has not the boy profited?

92 *Bard.* Away you horson vpright rabble, away.

Boy Away you rascally Altheas dreame, away.

Prince Instruct vs boy, what dreame boy?

96 *Boy* Mary my lord, Althear dreamt she was deliuered of a firebrand, and therefore I call him her dreame.

100 *Prince* A crownes worth of good interpretation there tis boy.

Poynes

Henry the fourth.

Poines O that this blossome could be kept from cankerst
well, there is sixpence to preferue thee.

Bard. And you do not make him hangd among you, the gal-
lowes shall haue wrong. 104

Prince And how doth thy master Bardolfe?

Bard. Well my Lord, he heard of your graces comming to
towne, theres a letter for you. 108

Poynes Deliuerd with good respect, and how doth the mar-
tlemasse your master?

Bard. In bodily health sir.

Poynes Mary the immortall part needes a phisitian, but that
moues not him, though that be sicke, it dies not. 112

Prince. I do allow this Wen to be as familiar with me, as my
dogge, and he holds his place, for looke you how he writes. 116

Poynes John Falstaffe Knight, euery man must know that
as oft as he has occasion to name himselfe: euen like those that
are kin to the King for they neuer picke their finger, but they
saye, theres some of the Kings bloud spilt : how comes .that
(saies he) that takes vpon him not to conceiue the answer is as
ready as a borowed cap : I am the Kings poore cosin, sir. 120

Prince Nay they will be kin to vs, or they will fetch it from
Iaphet, but the letter, Sir Iohn Falstaffe knight, to the sonne of
the king, nearest his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting, 124

Poynes Why this is a certificate, 128

Prince Peace, 132

I will imitate the honourable Romanes in breuitie,

Poynes He sure meanes breuity in breath, short winded,
I commend mee to thee, I commend thee, and, I leaue
thee, be not too familiar with Poynes, for he misuses thy fa-
uours so much, that he swears thou art to mary his sister Nel,
repent at idle times as thou maist, and so farwel. 136

Thine by yea, and no, which is as much as to say, as
thou vstest him, Iacke Falstaffe with my family,
Iohn with my brothers and sisters, and sir Iohn
with all Europe. 144

Poynes My Lord, Ile steep this letter in sacke and make him 148

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eate

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eat it.

Prince Thats to make him eat twenty of his words, but do you vse me, thus Ned? must I marrie your sister?

152 *Poynes* God send the wench no worse fortune, but I neuer said so.

156 *Prince* Wel, thus we play the fooles with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clowdes and mocke vs, is your master here in London?

Bard. Yea my Lord.

160 *Prince* Where sups he? doth the old boare feede in the old Franke?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheape.

Prince VVhat companie?

164 *Boy* Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince Sup any women with him?

Boy None my lord, but old mistris Quickly, and mistris Doll Tere-sheet.

168 *Prince* VVhat Pagan may that be?

Boy A proper gentlewoman sir, and a kinswoman of my masters.

172 *Prince* Euen such kinne as the parish Heicfors are to the towne bull, shall we steale vpon them Ned at supper?

Poynes I am your shadow my Lord, ile follow you.

176 *Prince* Sirra, you boy and Bardolfe, no worde to your master that I am yet come to towne; theres for your silence.

Bar. I haue no tongue sir.

180 *Boy* And for mine sir, I will gouerne it.

Prince Fare you well : go, this Doll Tere-sheete should be some rode.

184 *Poynes* I warrant you, as common as the way between S. Albons and London.

188 *Prince* How might we see Falstaffe bestow himself to night in his true colours, and not our selues be seene?

Poynes Put on two letherne ierkins and aprons, and waite vpon him at his table as drawers.

192 *Prince* From a god to a bul, a heauy descension, it was Ioues case

Henry the fourth.

case, from a pince to a prentise, a low transformation, that shal be mine, for in enery thing the purpose must weigh with the folly, follow me Ned.

exeunt.

Enter Northumberland his wife, and the wife to Harry Percie.

North. I pray thee louing wife and gentle daughter,
Giue euen way vnto my rough affaires,
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Wife I haue giuen ouer, I will speake no more,
Do what you wil, your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas sweete wife, my honor is at pawne,
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

Kate O yet for Gods sake, go not to these wars,
The time was father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endere to it then now,
When your owne Percie, when my hearts deere Harry,
Threw many a Northward looke, to see his father
Bring vp his powers, but he did long in vaine.
Who then perswaded you to stay at home?
There were two honors lost, yours, and your sonnes,
For yours, the God of heauen brighten it,
For his, it stucke vpon him as the sunne
In the grey vault of heauen, and by his light
Did all the Cheualry of England moue
To do braue acts, he was indeede the glasse
Wherein the noble youth did dresse themselues.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Faire daughter, you do draw my spirites from me,
With new lamenting ancient ouersights,
But I must go and meete with danger there,
Or it will seeke me in an other place,
And find me worse provided.

Wife O flie to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons,
Haue of their puissance made a little taste.

Kate If they get ground and vantage of the King,

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II.iii.

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Then ioyne you with them like a ribbe of Steele,
 To make strength stronger: but for al our loues,
 56 First let them trie themselues, so did your sonne,
 He was so suffred, so came I a widow,
 And neuer shall haue length of life enough,
 To raine vpon remembrance with mine eies,
 60 That it may grow and sprout as high as heauen,
 For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me, tis with my mind,
 As with the tide, sweld vp vnto his height,
 64 That makes a stil stand, running neither way,
 Faine would I go to meete the Archbishop,
 But many thousand reasons hold me backe,
 I will resolute for Scotland, there am I,
 68 Till time and vantage craue my company. *exunt.*

Enter a Drawer or two.

Francis What the diuel hast thou brought there apple
 Johns: thou knowest sir John cannot indure an apple John.

Draw. Mas thou saist true, the prince once set a dish of ap-
 4 ple Johns before him, and tolde him there werē fīue more sir
 8 Johns, and putting off his hat, said, I will now take my leaue of
 these six drie, round, old, withered Knights, it angred him to
 the heart, but he hath forgot that.

Fran. Why then couer and set them downe, and see if
 12 thou canst find out Sneakes Noīse, mistress Tere-sheet would
 faine heare forie musique.

Dra. Dispatch, the roome where they sūpt is too hot, theile
 come in straight.

Francis Sirra, here wil be the prince and master Poynes a-
 non, and they will put on two of our ierkins and aprons, and sir
 20 John must not know of it, Bardolfe hath brought word.

Enter Will.

Dra. By the mas here will be oll viis, it wil be an excellent
 stratagem.

Francis Ile see if I can find out Sneake.

exit

Enter mistress Quickly, and Doll Tere-sheet.

Quickly

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Henry the fourth.

Quickly Yfaith sweet heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperalitie. Your pulsfidge beates as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour I warrant you is as red as any rose, in good truth law : but yfaith you haue drunke too much cannarics, and thats a maruelous searching wine, and it perfumes the bloud ere one can say, whats this, how do you now? 24

Tere. Better then I was: hem. 28

Qui. Why thats well said, a good heart's worth gold : loe here comes sir Iohn. 32

enter sir Iohn.

sir Iohn When Arthur first in court, empty the iourdan and was a worthy King : how now mistris Doll? 36

host. Sicke of a calme, yea good faith. 40

Falst. So is all her sect, and they be once in a calme they are sicke. 44

Tere. A pox damne you, you muddie rascall, is that all the comfort you giue me? 48

Falst. You make fat rascals mistris Dol. 52

Tere. I make them? gluttonie, and diseases make, I make them not, 56

Falst. If the cooke help to make the gluttonie, you helpe to make the diseases Doll, we catch of you Doll, we catch of you graunt that my poore vertue, grant that. 60

Doll Yea ioy, our chaines and our iewels. 64

Fa. Your brooches, pearles, & ouches for to serue brauely, is to come halting off, you know to come off the breach, with his pike bent brauely, and to surgerie brauely, to venture vpon the chargde chambers brauely. 68

Doll Hang your selfe, you muddie Cunger, hang your selfe. 72

host By my troth this is the old fashion, you two neuer meet but you fall to some discord, you are both ygood truth as rew maitique as two dry tosts, you cannot one beare with anothers cōfirmities, what the goodyere one must beare, & that must be you, you are the weaker vessell, as they say, the emptier vessell, 76

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68 *Dorothy* Can a weake empty vessell beare such a huge full
hoghead: theres a whole marchâts venture of Burdeux stuffe
in him, you haue not seene a hulke better stuft in the hold.

72 Come, ile be friends with thee iacke, thou art going to the
wars, and whether I shall euer see thee againe or no there is no
body cares.

Enter drawer.

Dra. Sir, Ancient pistol's belowe, and would speake with
you.

76 *Dol* Hang him swagging rascal, let him not come hither
it is the foule-mouth'd st rogue in England.

80 *host.* If he swagger, let him not come here, no by my faith I
must liue among my neighbours, Ile no swaggerers, I am in
good name, and fame with the very best: shut the doore, there
84 comes no swaggerers here, I haue not liu'd al this while to haue
swagging now, shut the doore I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou heare hostesse?

88 *Host.* Pray ye pacifie your selfe sir John, there comes no
swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

92 *Ho.* Tilly fally, sir John, nere tel me: & your ancient swag-
grer comes not in my doores: I was before maister Tisicke
the debuty tother day, & (as he said to me) twas no longer ago
than wednesday last, I good faith, neighbor Quickly, sayes he,
96 maister Dumbe our minister was by then, neighbor Quickly
(saies he) receiue those that are ciuil, for (saide he) you are in an
ill name: now a saide so, I can tell wherenpon. For (saies he)
100 you are an honest woman, and well thought on, therefore take
heede what ghests you receiue, receiue (saies he) no swagge-
ring companions: there comes none here: you would blesse
104 you to heare what he said: no, Ile no swaggers.

Falst. Hecs no swaggrer hostesse, a tame cheter yfaith, you
may stroke him as gently as a puppy grey-hound, heele not
108 swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turne backe in any
shew of resistance, call him vp Drawer.

Host. Cheter call you him? I will barre no honest man my
houfe,

Henry the fourth.

house, nor no cheter, but I do not loue swagering by my troth, I am the worse when one saies swagger: feele maisters, how I shake, looke you, I warrant you.

Teresh. So you do hostesse.

Hofst. Doe I? yea in very trueth doe I, and twere an aspen leafe, I cannot abide swaggrers.

Enter ancient Pistoll, and Bardolfes boy.

Pistoll God saue you sir Iohn.

Fal. Welcome ancient Pistoll, heere Pistoll, I charge you with a cuppe of sacke, do you discharge vpon mine hostesse.

Pist. I will discharge vpon her sir Iohn, with two bullets.

Fal. she is pistoll prooffe: sir, you shall not hardely offend her.

Hofst. Come, Ile drink no proofes, nor no bullets, Ile drink no more than will do me good, for no mans pleasure, I.

Pist. Then, to you mistris Dorothy, I will charge you.

Doro. Charge me? I scorne you, scuruy companion: what you poore base rascally cheting lacke-linnen mate? away you mouldie rogue, away, I am meate for your maister.

Pist. I know you mistris Dorothy.

Doro. Away you cutpurse rascall, you filthy boung, away, by this wine Ile thrust my knife in your mouldie chappes, and you play the sawcie cuttle with me. Away you bottle ale rascall, you basket hilt stale iuggler, you. Since when, I pray you sir: Gods light, with two points on your shoulder? much.

Pist. God let me not liue, but I will murther your ruffe for this.

fir Iohn No more Pistoll, I would not haue you go off here, discharge your selfe of our company, Pistoll.

Hofst. No, good captaine Pistoll, not here, sweete captaine.

Doro. Captain, thou abhominable damnd cheter, art thou not ashamed to be called Captaine? and Captaines were of my mind, they would trunchion you out, for taking their names vpon you, before you haue earnd them: you a captaine? you slaue, for what? for teareing a poore whoores ruffe in a bawdy house: hee a captaine hang him rogue, he liues vpon mowldy
stewd

112

116

118

120

124

128

132

136

140

144

*

*148

152

156

The second part of

stewd pruius, and dried cakes: a captaine? Gods light these vil-
laines wil make the word as odious as the word occupy, which
was an excellent good worde before it was il sorted, therefore
captains had neede look too't.

160

* (as the
* sorted)

Bard. Pray thee go downe good Ancient.

164

Falst. Hearke thee hither mistris Dol.

Pist. Not I, I tell thee what corporall Bardolfe, I could
teare her, Ile be reuengde of her.

168

Boy Pray thee go downe.

Pist. Ile see her damnd first, to Plutoes damnd lake by this
hād to th' infernal deep, with eribus & tortures vile also: holde
hooke and line, say I: downe, downe dogges, downe faters haue
we not Hiren here?

172

Hofz. Good captaine Peesell be quiet, tis very late yfaith, I
beseeke you now aggrauate your choller.

176

Pist. These be good humors indeede, shal pack-horses, and
hollow pamperd iades of Asia which cannot goe but thirtie
mile a day, compare with Cæsars and with Canibals, and tro-
iant Greekes? nay rather damne them with King Cerberus, and
let the Welkin roare, shall we fall foule for toies?

179-80

Hofz. By my troth captane, these are very bitter-words.

184

Bard. Be gone good Ancient, this will grow to a brawle
anon.

* 188

Pist. Men like dogges giue crownes like pins, haue we not
Hiren here?

192

Hofz. A my word Captaine, theres none such here, what
the goodyear do; you thinke I would denie her? for Gods sake
be quiet.

195-6

Pist. Then feed and be fat, my faire Calipolis, come giues
some sacke, *si fortune me tormente sperato me contento*, feare we
brode sides? no, let the fiend giue fire, giue me some sacke, and
sweet hartlie thou there, come we to ful points here? and are &
cæteraes, no things?

Falst. Pistol, I would be quiet.

200

Pist. Sweet Knight, I kisse thy neaffe, what, we haue secne
the seuen starres.

Dol.

Henry the fourth.

Dol. For Gods sake thrust him down staires, I cannot indure such a fustian rascall.

Pist. Thrust him downe staires, know we not Galloway naggges? 204

Falst. Quaitte him downe Bardolfe like a shoue-groat shilling, nay, and a doe nothing but speake nothing, a shall be nothing here. 206

Bard. Come, get you downe staires.

Pist. What shall we haue incision? shall we imbrew? then death rocke me a sleepe, abridge my dolefull daies: why then let grieuons gastly gaping wounds vntwinde the sisters three, come Atropose I say. 211-12

Host. Heres goodly stufte toward. †

Falst. Giue me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee lacke, I pray thee do not drawe. 216

Fal. Get you downe staires.

Host. Heres a goodly tumult, ile forswear keeping house afore ile be in these turrts and frights, so, murder I warant now, alas, alas, put vp your naked weapons, put vp your naked weapons. 220

Dol. I pray thee Iack be quiet, the rascal's gone, ah you horse for little vliant villaine you. 224

Host. Are you not hurte i'th groyne? me thought a made a shrewd thrust at your belly. † 228

Fal. Haue you turnd him out a doores?

Bar. Yea sir, the rascal's drunke, you haue hurt him sir i'th shoulder.

Fal. A rascall to braue me? 232

Dol. A you sweet little rogue you, alas poore ape how thou sweatst, come let me wipe thy face, come on you horse chopps: a rogue, yfaith I loue thee, thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, woorth fiue of Agamemnon, & ten times better then the nine Worthies, a villaine! 236

Fal. Ah rascally slaue! I will tosse the rogue in a blanket. +240

Dol. Do and thou darst for thy heart, and thou dost, ile canuas thee betweene a payre of sheetes. 244

E

Boy.

The second part of

Boy The musique is come sir. *enter musicke.*

248 *Fal.* Let them play, play sirs, sit on my knee Doll, a rascal
bragging slaue! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

252 *Dol* Yfaith and thou followdst him like a church, thou
horson little tydee Bartholemew borepigge, when wilt thou
leauce fighting a daies and foyning a nights, and begin to patch
vp thine old body for heauen.

Enter Prince and Poynes.

Fal Peace good Doll, do not speake like a deathes head, do
not bid me remember mine end.

256 *Dol* Sirr a, what humour's the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow yong fellow, a would haue made a
good pantler, a would a chipt bread wel.

260 *Dol* They say Paines has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him baboon, his wit's as thicke
as Tewksbury mustard, theres no more conceit in him then is
in a mallet.

264 *Dol* Why does the prince loue him so then?

268 *Fal.* Because their legges are both of a bignesse, and a plaies
at quoutes well, and eates cunger and fennel, and drinks off
candles endes for flappe-dragons, and rides the wilde mare
with the boyes, and iumpes vpon ioynd-stooles, and swears
with a good grace, and weares his bootes very smoothe like
272 vnto the signe of the Legge, and breeds no bate with tel-
ling of discreet stories, and such other gambole faculties a has
that show a weake minde, and an able bodie for the which the
prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another, the
276 weight of a haire wil turne scales between their haber de poiz.

Prince Would not this nauce of a wheele haue his eares cut
off?

280 *Poynes* Lets beate him before his whore

Prince Looke where the witherd elder hath not his poule
clawd like a parrot.

284 *Poynes* Is it not strange that desire should so many yeeres
out liue performance.

Falst. Kisse me Doll,

Prince

HENRY THE JUNIOR.

Prince Saturne and Venus this yeere in coniunction? what saies th' Almanacke to that?

Poyne And look whether the fierie Trigon his man be not lisping to his master, old tables, his note booke, his counsel keeper?

Falst. Thou dost giue me flattering buffes.

Dol. By my troth I kisse thee with a most constant heart?

Falst. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I loue thee better then I loue, ere a scuruy yong boy of them all.

Fal. What stufte wilt haue a kirtle of? I shall receiue mony a thursday, shalt haue a cap to morrow: a merry song come a growes late, weele to bed, thou't forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth thou't set me a weeping and thou saist to proue that euer I dresse my selfe handsome til thy returne, wel hearken a'th end.

Fal. Some sacke Francis.

Prince, Poyne Anon anon sir.

Falst. Ha? a bastard sonne of the Kings? and arte not thou Poyne his brother?

Prince Why thou globe of sinfull continents, what a life dost thou leade?

Falst. A better then thou, I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

Prince Very true sir, and I come to drawe you out by the cares.

Hofst. O the Lord preferue thy grace: by my troth welcom to London, now the Lord blesse that sweete face of thine, O Iesu, are you come from Wales?

Falst. Thou horson madde compound of maiestie, by this light, flesh, and corrupt bloud, thou art welcome.

Doll How? you fat foole I scorne you.

Poyne Mylorde, he will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a meriment if you take not the heate.

Prince You horson candlemine you, how vildly did you speake of me now, before this honest, vertuous, ciuill gentleman?

2 no jocomu parcu

Hof. Gods blessing of your good heart, and so she is by my troth.

Falst. Didst thou heare me?

Prince Yea and you knew me as you did, when you ranne away by Gadshil, you knew I was at your backe, and spoke it, on purpose to trie my patience.

Falst. No, no, no, not so, I did not thinke thou wast within hearing.

Prince I shall driue you then to confesse the wilfull abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Falst. No abuse Hall a mine honour, no abuse.

Prince Not to dispraise me, and cal me pantler and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse Hall.

Poynes No abuse?

Falst. No abuse Ned i'th worlde, honest Ned, none, I dispraisde him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in loue with thee: in which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull friend and a true subiect, and thy father is to giue me thanks for it, no abuse Hall, none Ned, none, no faith boyes none.

Prince Seenow whether pure feare and intire cowardize, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with vs: is she of the wicked, is thine hostesse here of the wicked, or is thy boy of the wicked, or honest Bardolfe whose zeal burnes in his nose of the wicked?

Poynes Answer thou dead elme, answer.

Falst. The fiend hath prickt down Bardolfe irrecouerable, and his face is Lucifers priuy kitchin, where he doth nothing but rost mault-worms, for the boy there is a good angel about him, but the diuel blinds him too.

Prince For the weomen.

Falst. For one of them shees in hell already, and burnes poore foules: for th'other I owe her mony, and whether she be dam nd for that I know not.

Hof

Henry the fourth.

Hof. No I warrant you.

Falst. No I thinke thou art not, I thinke thou art quit for that, mary there is another inditement vpon thee. for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Hof. Al vitlars do so, whats a ioynt of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

Prince You gentlewoman.

Dol. What saies your grace?

Fal. His grace saies that which his flesh rebels against.

Peyto knockes at doore.

Hof. Who knockes so lowd at doore? looke too 'th doore there Francis.

Prince Peyto, how now, what newes?

Peyto The King your father is at Weminster,
And there are twenty weake and wearied postes,
Come from the North, and as I came along
I met and ouertooke a dozen captaines,
Bareheaded, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes,
And asking euery one for sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Prince By heauen Poines, I feele me much too blame,
So idely to prophane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion like the south,
Borne with blacke vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads,
Giue me my sword and cloke: Falstaffe, good night.

Exeunt Prince and Poynes.

Fal Now comes in the sweetest morsell of the night, & we must hence and leau it vnpickt: more knocking at the doore? how now, whats the matter?

E 3

Bar.

house
(no comma)

twoo

westminster

south.

Falstaffe
no comma

exeunt

coms
doore,

372

376

380

384

388

392

396

400

A the second part of

Bar. You must away to court sir presently,
A dozen captaines stay at doore for you.

Fal. Pay the musitiens sirra, farewell hostesse, farewell Dol,
you see (my good wenches) how men of merit are sought af-
ter, the vnderferuer may sleepe, when the man of action is calld
on, farewell good wenches, if I bee not sent away poste, I will
see you againe ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot speake: if my heart be not ready to burst: wel
sweete Iacke haue a care of thy selfe.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

exit.

Hof. Well, fare thee well, I haue knowne thee these twenty
nine yeares. come peace-cod time, but an honest, and truer
hearted man: wel fare thee wel.

Bar. Mistris Tere-sheete.

Hof. Whats the matter?

Bar. Bid mistris Tere-sheete come to my master,

Hof. O runne Doll, runne, runne good Doll, come, she
comes blubberd, yea! will you come Doll?

exiunt.

*Enter the King in his night-gowne
alone.*

King Go call the Earles of Surrey and of War.
But ere they come, bid them o're-reade these letters,
And well consider of them, make good speed.
How many thousand of my poorest subiects,
Are at this howre asleepe? ô sleepe! o gentle sleep!
Natures soft nurse, how haue I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-liddes downe,
And steep my senses in forgetfulnesse,
Why rather sleepe liest thou in smoaky cribbes,
Vpon vneasie pallets stretching thee,
And husht with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Then in the perfumde chambers of the great,

Vnder

musitions
(no brachets)
merrite
cald
be

Doll speake.

Jacke,

exit

Wel, fare thee
wel, twentie
yeares,

maister

shee

yea?

Henry the fourth.

Vnder the canopies of costly state,
 And lulld with found of sweetest melody?
 O thou dull god, why listest thou with the vile
 In lothsome beds, and leauest the kingly couch,
 A watch-case, or a common larum bell?
 Wilt thou vpon the high and giddy masse,
 Seale vp the ship-boies eies, and rocke his braines,
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian pillowes by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 VVith deaffing clamour in the slippery clouds,
 That with the hurly death it selfe awakes?
 Canst thou, ô partiall sleepe, giue them repose,
 To the wet season in an howre so rude,
 And in the calmest, and most stillest night,
 VVith al appliances and meanes to boote,
 Deny it to a King? then (happy) low lie downe,
 Vneasie lies the head that weares a crowne.

16

†

20

†

24

†

†

28

*Enter Warwike Surry, and sir Iohn
Blunt.*

War. Many good morrowes to your maiestie.
King Is it good morrow lords?
War. Tis one a clocke, and past.
King VVhy then good morrow to you all my lords,
 Haue you read ore the letter that I sent you?
War. VVe haue my liege.
King Then you perceiue the body of our kingdome,
 How foule it is, what rancke diseases grow,
 And with what danger neare the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body yet distempered,
 VVhich to his former strength may be restored,
 VVith good aduise and little medicine,

32

36

40

E 4

My

L. de J. de la p. 107

44 My Lord Northumberland wil soone be coold.

King O God that one might reade the booke of fate,
And see the reuolution of the times,

Make mountaines leuell, and the continent

48 Weary of solide firmenesse melt it selfe

Into the sea, and other times to see,

The beachie girdle of the ocean,

Too wide for Neptunes hips, how chances mockes,

52 And changes fill the cup of alteration,

64 With diuers liquors! O if this were seene,

* The happiest youth viewing his progresse through,

* What perills past, what crosse to ensue?

56* Would shut the booke and sit him downe and die:

Tis not ten yeeres gone,

Since Richard and Northumberland great friends,

Did feast together, and in two yeare after,

60 Were they at warres: it is but eight yeares since,

This Percie was the man neereft my soule,

Who like a brother toyld in my affaires;

And laied his loue and life vnder my foote,

64 Yea for my sake, euen to the eyes of Richard,

Gaue him defyance: but which of you was by?

You cousen Neuel, (as I may remember)

When Richard with his eye-brimme full of teares,

68 Then checkt and rated by Northumberland,

Did speake these wordes now proou'd a prophetic:

Northumberland, thou ladder by the which

My cousen Bolingbrooke ascends my throne,

72 (Though then (God knowes) I had no such intent,

But that necessitie so bowed the state,

That I and greatnesse were compeld to kisse.)

The time shall come, thus did he follow it,

76 The time wil come, that foule sin gathering head,

Shall breake into corruption: so went on,

Fortelling this same times condition,

And

Henry the fourth.

And the deuision of our amitic.

War. There is a historie in all mens liues,
Figuring the natures or the times deceaft:
The which obseru'd, a man may prophecie,
With a neere ayme of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to life, who in their feedes,
And weake beginning lie intreaured:
Such things become the hatch and broode of time,
And by the necessary forme or this,
King Richard might create a perfect guesse,
That great Northumberland then falle to him,
Would of that seede growe to a greater falsnesse,
Which should not find a ground to roote vpon
Vnlesse on you.

King. Are these things then necessities,
Then let vs meet them like necessities,
And that same word euen now cries out on vs:
They say the Bishop and Northumberland,
Are fiftie thousand strong.

War. It cannot be my Lord,
Rumour doth double like the voice, and eccho
The numbers of the feared, please it your grace,
To go to bedde: vpon my soule, my Lord,
The Powers that you already haue sent foorth,
Shall bring this prise in very easly:
To comfort you the more, I haue receiued,
A certain instance that Glendour is dead:
Your Maiestie hath beene this fortnight ill,
And these vnseasoned howers perforce must adde
Vnto your sicknesse.

King. I will take your counsaile,
And were these in ward warres once out of hand,
We would (deare Lords) vnto the holy land.

Enter Iustice Shallow and Iustice

Silence.

E 5 .

exeunt

Shal.

80

84 +

88

92

96

100

104

108

III. ii.

1 *Shallow* Come on, come on, come on sir, giue me your
hand sir, giue me your hand sir, an early stirrer, by the Roodes
4 and how dooth my good cosin Silens?

Silence Good morrow good cosin Shallow.

8 *Shallow* And how dooth my coosin your bed-fellowe?
and your fayrest daughter and mine, my god-daughter El-
len?

Silens Alas, a blacke woofel, cosin Shallow.

12 *Shallow* By yea, and no sir: I dare saye my coosin Wil-
ham is become a good scholler, he is at Oxford full, is hee
not?

Silens Indeede sir to my cost.

16 *Shallow* A must then to the Innes a court shortly: I was
once of Clements Inne, where I thinke they will talke of mad
Shallow yet.

Silens You were cald Lusty Shallow then, cosin.

20 *Shallow* By the masse I was cald any thing, and I would
haue done any thing indeed too, and roundly too: there was
L and little Iohn Doyt of Staffordshire, and Blacke George
Barnes, and Francis Picke-bone, and Will Squele a Cotsole
24 man, you had not foure such swinge bucklers in al the Innes
a court againe: and I may say to you, we knew where the bona
robes were, and had the best of them all at commaundement:
+ then was Iacke Falstaffe (now sir Iohn) a boy, and Page to
28 Thomas Mowbray duke of Norffolke.

Silens Coosin, this sir Iohn that comes hither anone about
souldiers?

32 *Shal.* The same (sir Iohn) the very same, I see him breake
Skoggins head at the Court gate, when a was a Cracke, not
thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Samson
36 Stockefish a Fruiterer behinde Greyes Inne: Iesu, Iesu, the
mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see how many of my olde
acquaintance are dead.

Silens We shall all follow, coosin.

40 *Shal.* Certaine, tis certaine, very sure, very sure, death (as the
Psalmist

Sha.—sir

coosin Silen

Si. coosine

Sha. doth
bedfellow?
fairest

Si. coosin

Sha. no, sir
stil, is he

Si.

Sha.

wil

Si. calld
coosin

Sha. calld

indeede
Staffordshir
blacke.

Pickebone,

all

againe,
wee knewe,

Falstaffe, n
sir Iohn, pa

Si. This s
Iohn, coosi

Sha. The san
sir Iohn,

Si.

Sha.

Henry the fourth.

Psalmist faith) is certaine to all, all shall die. How a good yoke of bullockes at Samforth faire?

Silens By my troth I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine : Is olde Dooble of your towne liuing yet?

Silens Dead fir.

Shal. Iesu, Iesu, dead! a drew a good bow, and dead? a shot a fine shoote : Iohn a Gaunt loued him well, and beued much money on his head . Dead ! a would haue clapt ith clowt at twelue score, and caried you a forehand shaft a foureteene and foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue doone a mans heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

Silens Thereafter as they be, a score of good Ewes may be worth tenne pounds.

Shal. And is olde Dooble dead?

Silens Heere come twoo of fir Iohn Falstaffes men , as I thinke.

Enter Bardolfe, and one with him.

Good morrow honest gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Iustice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow fir , a poore Esquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Iustices of the Peace : what is your pleasure with me?

Bard. My Captaine, fir, commends him to you, my Captaine fir Iohn Falstaffe, a tall gentleman, by heauen, and a most gallant Leader.

Shal. He greets me wel, fir, I knew him a good backsword man : how doth the good knight ? may I aske how my Ladie his wife doth?

Bar. Sir, pardon, a souldiour is better accommodate than with a wife.

Shallow It is well sayde in faith fir , and it is well sayde indeede too, better accommodated, it is good, yea in deede is it,

Si.
Sha.

Si.
Sha.

Dead?
carried

Si. ewes
may bee
ten

Sha.

Si. Here two

Bardolfe (no
top) iustice
Sha. Robert
Shallowe, sir,
esquier
justices peace
your good
pleasure
Bard. Captain

Sha. greetes

then

Shal. said said
indeed

†
44

48

52

56

60

†

64

68

72

76

it, good phraſes, are ſurely, and euer were, very commendable, accommodated: it comes of *accommodo*, very good, a good phraſe.

80 *Bardolfe* Pardon me ſir, I haue heard the worde, phraſe
call you it? by this good day, I knowe not the phraſe, but
84 I will mayntayne the warde with my ſworde, to bee a ſoul-
diour-like word, and a worde of exceeding good command,
by heauen: accommodated, that is, when a man is, as they
ſay, accommodated, or when a man is, beeing whereby, a
88 may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent
thing.

Enter ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

82 *Iuſt.* It is very iuſt: looke, here comes good ſir Iohn, giue
me your good hand, giue mee your worſhippes good hand,
by my troth you like well, and beare your yeeres very well,
welcome good ſir Iohn.

Fal. I am glad to ſee you well, good maiſter Robert Shal-
low, maiſter Soccard (as I thinke.)

90 *Shal.* No ſir Iohn, it is my cooſin Silens, in commiſſion with
me.

Falſt. Good maiſter Silens, it well beſits you ſhould be of
the Peace.

100 *Silens* Your good worſhip is welcome.

Falſt. Fie, this is hot weather (gentlemen) haue you prouid-
ded me heere halfe a dozen ſufficient men?

104 *Shal.* Mary haue we ſir, will you ſit?

Falſt. Let me ſee them I beſeech you.

108 *Shal.* Wheres the rowle? wheres the rowle? wheres the
rowle? let me ſee, let me ſee, ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo (ſo, ſo) yea mary ſir,
Raſe Mouldy, let them appeere as I call, let them do ſo, let the
do ſo, let me ſee, where is Mouldy?

112 *Mouldy* Here and it pleaſe you.

Sha. What think you ſir Iohn, a good limbd fellow, yong,
ſtrong,

accommodated,

Bar.—me word,
Phrase

by this daye I
maintaine word
sword
(no comma)
ſouldier-like
and a word
command
by heauen that is
man is *(no comma)*
is being

Enter Falſtaf

juſt, look,
me your
worſhippes

Falſt. maſter

cosen Scilens in

Falſt. maſter
Scilens.

peace.

Scil.
Fal. Fie
(no comma)
gentlemen,
here

Shal. roule (*ter*)

let me ſee (*see*)
appeare cal
do, them
do,

Here and't

Shal limbd,
felow,

HENRY THE FOURTH.

strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldie?

Moul. Yea, and't please you.

Fal. Tis the more time thou wert vsde.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, most excellent yfaith, things that are mouldy lacke vs: very singular good, infaith well said sir Iohn, very well said.

Iohn prickes him.

Mou. I was prickt wel enough before, and you could haue let me alone, my old dame will be vndone now for one to doe her husbandrie, and her drudgery, you need not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to go out then I.

Fal. Go to, peace Mouldy, you shall go, Mouldy it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace fellow, peace, stand aside, know you where you are? for th' other sir Iohn: let me see Simon Shadow.

Fal. Yea mary, let me haue him to sit vnder, hees like to be a cold soldiour.

Shal. Wheres Shadow?

Shad. Here sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose sonne art thou?

Shad. My mothers sonne sir.

Fal. Thy mothers sonne! like enough, and thy fathers shadow, so the sonne of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so indeede, but much of the fathers substance.

Shal. Do you like him sir Iohn?

Fal. Shadow wil serue for summer, pricke him, for we haue a number of shadowes, fill vp the muster booke.

Shal. Thomas Wart,

Fal. Wheres he?

Wart. Here sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him sir Iohn?

Fal. It were superfluous for apparell is built vpon his back,
F and

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†

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†

and the whole frame stands vpon pins, pricke him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it fir, you can do it, I comend you well: Francis Feeble.

Feeble Here fir.

Shal. What trade art thou Feeble?

Feeble A womans tailer fir.

Shal. Shall I pricke him fir?

Fal. You may, but if he had bin a mans tailer hee'd a prickt you: wilt thou make as manie holes in an enemies battaile, as thou hast done in a womans peticoate.

Feeble I will do my good will fir, you can haue no more.

Fal. Well saide good womans tailer, well saide couragious Feeble, thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathfull doue, or most magnanimous mouse pricke the womans tailer: wel M. Shallow, deepe M. Shallow.

Feeble I would Wart might haue gone fir.

Fal. I would thou wert a mans tailer, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to goe, I cannot put him to a priuate souldier that is the leader of so many thousands, let that suffice most forcible Feeble.

Feeble It shall suffice fir.

Fal. I am bound to thee reuerend Feeble, who is next?

Shal. Peter Bul-calfe o'th greene.

Fal. Yea mary, lets see Bul-calfe,

Bul. Here fir.

(roare againe.

Eal. Fore God a likely fellow, come pricke Bul-calfe til hee

Bul. O Lord, good my lord captaine.

Falst. What, dost thou roare before thou art prickt?

Bul. O Lord fir, I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bul. A horson cold fir, a cough fir, which I cought with ringing in the Kings affaires vpon his coronation day fir.

Fal. Come thou shalt goe to the warres in a gowne, we wil haue away thy cold, and I wil take such order that thy friendes shal ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more cald then your number, you must haue

Henry the fourth.

haue but foure here sir, and so I pray you goe in with mee to dinner.

Fal. Come, I wil go drink with you, but I cānot tary dinner, I am glad to see you, by my troth matter Shallow. 204

Shal. O sir Iohn, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmil in saint Georges field?

Fal. No more of that master Shallow. 208

Shal. Ha, twas a merry night, and is iane Night-worke a liue?

Falst. She liues master Shallow.

Shal. She neuer could away with me. 212

Fa. Neuer neuer, she wold alwaies say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Sha. By the masse I could anger her too'th heart, she was then a *bona roba*, doth she hold her owne wel? 216

Fal. Old old master Shallow.

Shal. Nay she must be old, she cannot chuse but be old, certain shees old, & had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clemham. 220

Scilens Thats fiftie fiue yeare ago. †

Shal. Ha cousen Scilens that thou hadst seene that, that this Knight and I haue seene ha sir Iohn said I well? 224

Fal We haue heard the chimes at midnight M. Shallow. 228

Sha. That we haue that we haue, that we haue in faith sir Iohn we haue, our watch-worde was Hemboies, come lets to dinner, come lets to dinner, Iesus the daies that wee haue seene, come, come. 232

exeunt.

Bul. Good maister corporate Bardolfe, stand my friend, & heres foure Harry tenhillings in french crowns for you, in very truth sir, I had as liue be hangd sir as go, and yet for mine owne part sir I do not care, but rather because I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part haue a desire to stay with my friends, else sir I did not care for mine owne part so much. 236

Bard. Go to, stand aside. 240

Moul. And good master corporall captaine, for my dames sake stand my friend, she has no body to doe any thing about 244

her when I am gone, and she is old and cannot helpe her selfe,
you shall haue forty sir.

Bar. Go to, stand aside.

Feeble By my troth I care not, a man can die but once, we
owe God a death, ile nere beare a base mind, and't bee my
destny: so, and't be not, so, no man's too good to serue's prince,
and let it go which way it will, he that dies this yeere is quit for
the next.

Bar Well said, th'art a good fellow.

Feeble Faith ile beare no base mind.

Enter Falstaffe and the Iustices.

Fal. Come sir, which men shall I haue?

Shal. Foure of which you please.

Bar Sir, a word with you, I haue three pound to free Mouldy
and Bulcalfe.

Fal. Go to, well.

Shal. Come sir Iohn, which foure wil you haue?

Fal. Do you chuse for me.

Shal. Mary then, Mouldy, Bulcalfe, Feeble, and Sadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bulcalfe, for you Mouldy stay at home, til
you are past seruice: and for your part Bulcalfe, grow til you
come vnto it, I will none of you.

Shal. Sir Iohn, sir Iohn, doe not your selfe wrong, they are
your likeliest men, and I would haue you serude with the
best.

Fal. Wil you tel me (master Shallow) how to chuse a man?
care I for the limbe, the thewes, the stature, bulke and big as-
semblance of a man: giue me the spirit M. Shalow: heres Wart,
you see what ragged apparance it is, a shall charge you, and
discharge you with the motion of a pewterers hammer, come
off and on swifter then he that gibbets on the brewers bucket:
and this same halfe facde fellow Shadow, giue me this man, he
presents no marke to the enemy, the fo-man may with as great
aime leuel at the edge of a pen-knife, and for a retraite how
swiftly wil this Feeble the womans Tailer runne off? O giue
mee the spare men, and spare me the great ones, putte mee a
caliuer

Henry the fourth.

caliuer into Warts hand Bardolfe.

Bar. Hold Wart, trauers thas, thas, thas.

Fal. Come mannage me your caliuer: so, very wel, go to, very good, exceeding good, O giue me alwaies a little leane, olde chopt Balde, shot: well said yfaith Wart, th'art a good scab hold, theres a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his crafts-master, he doth not do it right; I remember at Mile-end-greene, when I lay at Clements Inne, I was then sir Dagonet in Arthurs show, there was a little quiuer fellow, and a would mannage you his peece thus, and a would about and about, and come you in, and come you in, rah, tah, tah, would a say, bounce would a say, and away again would a go, and againe would a come: I shall nere see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellowes wooll doe well M. Shallow, God keep you M. Scilens, I will not vse many words with you, fare you wel gentlemen both, I thank you, I must a dosen mile to night: Bardolfe, giue the fouldiers coates.

Shal. Sir Iohn, the Lord blesse you God prosper your affaires, God send vs peace at your returne, visit our house, let our old acquaintance be renewed, peradventure I will with ye to the court.

Fal. Fore God would you would.

Shal. Go to, I haue spoke at a word, God keep you

Fal. Fare you well gentle gentlemen.

Shal. On Bardolfe, leade the men away, as I returne I will fetch off these iustices, I do see the bottoine of iustice Shallow, Lord, Lord, how subiect we old men are to this vice of lying, this same staru'd iustice hath done nothing but prate to me, of the wildnesse of his youth, and the feates he hath done about Turne-bull street, and euery third word a lie, dewer paid to the heart then the Turkes tribute, I doe remember him at Clements Inne, like a man made after supper of a cheese paring, when a was naked, he was for all the worlde like a fork't reddish, with a head fantastically carued vpon it with a knife, a was so forlorne, that his demensions to any thicke sight were

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III. ii.

The second part of

inuincible, a was the very gemies of famine, yet lecherous as a
 monkie, & the whores cald him mandrake, a came ouer in the
 rereward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the ouer-
 schutcht huswiues, that he heard the Car-men whistle, and
 sware they were his fancies or his good-nights, and nowe is
 this vices dagger become a squire, and talkes as familiarly of
 Iohn a Gaunt, as if he had bin sworne brother to him, and
 ile be sworn a nere saw him but once in the tylt-yard, and then
 he burst his head for crowding among the Marshalles men, I
 saw it, and told Iohn a Gaunt he beate his owne name, for you
 might haue thrust him and all his aparell into an eeleshin, the
 case of a treble hoboy was a mansion for him a Court, and
 now has he land and beefes. Well, ile he acquainted with him
 if I returne, and t' shal go hard, but ile make him a philosophers
 two stones to me, if the yong Dafe be a baite for the old Pike,
 I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him: let
 Time shape, and there an end.

*Enter the Archbishop, Mowbray, Bardolfe, Hastings, within
the Forrest of Gaultree.*

Bish. What is this Forrest calld?

Hast. Tis Gaultree Forrest, and t' shal please your grace.

Bishop Here stand, my lords, and send discouerers forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies:

Hastings We haue sent forth already.

Bishop Tis well done,

My friends and brethren (in these great affaires)

I must acquaint you that I haue receiu'd

New dated letters from Northumberland,

Their cold intent, tenure, and substance thus:

Here doth he with his person, with such powers,

As might hold fortance with his qualitic,

The which he would not leuy: whereupon

He is returde to ripe his growing fortunes,

To Scotland. and concludes in hearty prayers,

That your attempts may ouer-liue the hazard

And fearefull meeting of their opposite.

Mowb.

Henry the fourth.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we haue in him touch ground,
And dash themselues to peeces. *Enter messenger*

Hastings Now, what newes?

Messenger West of this Forrest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly forme comes on the enemy,
And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number
Vpon, or neere the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowbray The iust proportion that we gaue them out,
Let vs sway on, and face them in the field.

Bishop What wel appointed Leader fronts vs heere?

Enter Westmerland

Mowbray I thinke it is my lord of Westmerland.

West. Health and faire greeting from our Generall,
The princelord Iohn and duke of Lancaster.

Bishop Say on my lord of Westmerland in peace,
V What doth concerne your comming?

West. Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe addresse
The substance of my speech: if that rebellion
Came like it selfe, in base and abiect rowtes,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,
And countenaunst by boyes and beggary.

I say, if damnd commotion so appeare,
In his true, natiue, and most proper shape,
You, reuerend father, and these noble Lordes,
Had not beene heere to dresse the owgly forme
Of base and bloody Insurrection

With your faire Honours. You (lord Archbishop)
Whose Sea is by a ciuile peace maintaine,
Whose beard the siluer hand of Peace hath toucht,
Whose learning and good letters Peace hath tutord;
Whose white inuestments figures innocence,
The Doue, and very blessed spirite of peace.

Wherefore do you so ill translate your selfe
Out of the speech of peace that beares such grace,
Into the harsh and boystrous tongue of warre?

Turning your bookes to graues, your incke to bloud,

Your

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2. In the joynt parley

Your pennes to launces, and your tongue diuine,
To a lowd trumpet, and a point of warre?

Bish. Wherefore do I this? so the question stands:

Briefly, to this end we are all diseafde:

The dangers of the daie's but newly gone,
VVhose memorie is written on the earth,
VVith yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of euery minutes instance (present now,)
Hath put vs in these ill-beseeming armes,
Not to breake peace or any braunch of it,
But to establish heere a peace indeede,
Concurring both in name and quallitie.

West. VVhen euer yet was your appeale denied

VVherein haue you beene galled by the King?
What peere hath beene subornde to grate on you?
That you should seale this lawlesse bloody booke
Offorgde rebellion with a seale diuine,
And consecrate commotions bitter edge.

Bishop My brother Generall, the common wealth
To brother borne an household cruelty.

I make my quarrell in particular.

West. There is no neede of any such redresse,
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowbray why not to him in part, and to vs all

That feele the bruiſes of the daies before?

And suffer the condition of these times.

To lay a heauy and vnequall hand

Vpon our honors.

West. But this is meere digression from my purpose

Here come I from our princely generall,

To know your griefes, to tell you from his Grace,

That he will giue you audience, and wherein

It shall appeere that your demaunds are iust,

You shall enioy them, euery thing set off

That might so much as thinke you enemies.

Mowbray But he hath forde vs to compel this offer,

And

Henry the fourth.

And it proceedes from policie, not loue.

West. Mowbray, you ouerweene to take it so: 148

This offer comes from mercy, not from feare:

For loe, within a ken our army lies:

Vpon mine honour, all too confident 152

To giue admittance to a thought of feare:

Our battell is more full of names than yours,

Our men more perfect in the vse of armes,

Our armour all as strong, our cause the best: 156

Then Reason will our hearts should be as good:

Say you not then, our offer is compelld.

Mow. Well, by my will, we shall admit no parlee.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence, 160

A rotten case abides no handling.

Hastings Hath the prince Iohn a full commission,

In very ample vertue of his father,

To heare, and absolutely to determine 164

Of what conditions we shall stand vpon?

West. That is intended in the Generalles name,

I muse you make so slight a question.

Bishop Then take, my lord of Westmerland, this scedule, 168

For this containes our generall grieuances,

Each seuerall article herein redrest.

All members of our cause both here and hence,

That are enswewed to this action, 172

Acquitted by a true substantiall forme,

And present execution of our willes,

To vs and our purposes confinde,

We come within our awefull bancks againe, 176

And knit our powers to the arme of peace.

West. This will I shew the General, please you Lords,

In sight of both our battells we may meete,

At either end in peace, which God so frame, 180 †

Or to the place of diffrence call the swords,

Which must decide it.

Exit Westmerland

Bishop My lord, we will doe so.

G

Mow.

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Mon. There is a thing within my bosome tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand,

Hastings. Feare you not, that if we can make our peace,
Vpon such large termes, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist vpon,
Our peace shall stand as firme as rockie mountaines,

Monb. Yea but our valuation shal be such,
That euery slight, and false deriued cause,
Yea euery idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the King taste of this action,
That were our royal faiths martires in loue,
We shall be winow'd with so rough a wind,
That euen our corne shal seeme as light as chaffe,
And good from bad find no partition.

Bish. No, no, my lord, note this, the King is weary
Of daintie and such picking grieuances,
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Reuiues two greater in the heires of life:
And therefore will he wipe his tables cleane,
And keepe no tel-tale to his memorie,
That may repeate, and history his losse,
To new remembrance: for full wel he knowes,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion,
His foes are so enroote d with his friends,
That plucking to vnfix an enemy,
He doth vnfasten so, and shake a friend,
So that this land, like an offensiue wife,
That hath enragde him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holdes his infant vp,
And hangs resolu'd correction in the arme,
That was vpreard to execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted al his rods,
On late offenders, that he now doth lacke
The very instruments of chastisement.
So that his power, like to a phangleffe lion,

May

Henry the fourth.

May offer, but not hold.

Bishop Tis very true,

And therefore be assurde, my good Lord Marshall,
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our peace wil like a broken limbe vnited,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mow. Be it so, here is returnd my lord of Westmerland.

Enter Westmerland.

West. The prince is here at hand, pleaseth your Lordship
To meet his grace iust distance tweene our armies.

Enter Prince John and his armie.

Mow. Your grace of York, in Gods name then set forward.

Bishop. Before, and greethe his grace (my lord) we come.

John You are well incountred here, my coufen Mowbray,
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop,
And so to you Lord Hastings, and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better shewed with you,
When that your flocke assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence,
Your exposition on the holy text,
That now to see you here, an yron man talking,
Cheering a rowt of rebells with your drumme,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death:
That man that sits within a monarches heart,
And ripens in the sun-shine of his fauor,
Would he abuse the countenance of the King:
Alacke what mischeefes might he set abroach,
In shadow of such greatnesse? with you Lord bishop
It is euen so, who hath not heard it spoken,
How deepe you were within the bookes of God,
To vs the speaker in his parliament,
To vs th' imagine voice of God himselfe,
The very opener and intelligencer,
Betweene the grace, the sanctities of heauen,
And our dull workings? O who shal beleene,
But you misuse the reuerence of your place,

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Imply

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IV.ii.

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2. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10. 10.

24+ Imply the countenance and grace of heau'n,
As a false fauorite doth his princes name:
In deedes dishonorable you haue tane vp,
Vnder the counterfeited zeale of God,
28 The subiects of his substitute my father,
And both against the peace of heauen and him,
Haue here vpswarmd them.

Bishop Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your fathers peace,
32 But as I told my lord of Westmerland,
The time misordred doth in common sense,
Crowd vs and crush vs to this monstrous forme,
To hold our safety vp: I sent your grace,
36 The parcells and particulars of our grieffe,
The which hath beene with scorne shoued from the court,
Whereon this Hydra, sonne of warre is borne,
Whose dangerous eies may well be charmd asleepe,
40 With graunt of our most iust, and right desires,
And true obedience of this madnes cured,
Stoope tamely to the foote of maiestic.

Mow. If not, we ready are to trie our fortunes,
44 To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fal downe,
We haue supplies to second our attempt,
If they miscarry, theirs shal second them,
And so successe of mischiefe shall be borne,
48 And heire from heire shall hold his quarrell vp,
Whiles England shall haue generation.

Prince You are too shallow Hastings, much too shallow,
To found the bottome of the after times.

West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly,
52 How far forth you do like their articles.

Prince I like them all, and do allow them well,
And sweare here by the honour of my bloud,
56 My fathers purposes haue beene mistooke,
And some about him haue too lauishly,

Wrested

Wrested his meaning and authority.
 My Lord, these griefes shall be with speed redrest,
 Vppon my soule they shal, if this may please you,
 Discharge your powers vnto their seuerall counties,
 As we will ours, and here betweene the armies,
 Lets drinke together friendly and embrace,
 That all their eies may beare those tokens home,
 Of our restored loue and amitie.

Bishop I take your princely word for these redresses,
 I giue it you, and will maintaine my word,
 And therevpon I drinke vnto your grace.

Prince Go Captaine, and deliuer to the armie
 This newes of peace, let them haue pay, and part.
 I know it will well please them, hie thee captaine.

Bishop To you my noble lord of Westmerland.

West. I pledge your grace, and if you knew what paines,
 I haue bestowed to breed this present peace,
 You would drinke freely, but my loue to ye
 Shall shew it selfe more openly hereafter.

Bishop I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it,
 Health to my Lord, and gentle cosin Mowbray.

Mow. You wish me health in very happy season,
 For I am on the sodaine something ill.

Bishop Against ill chaunces men are euer mery,
 But heauinesse fore-runnes the good euent.

West. Therefore be mery coze, since sodaine sorrow
 Serues to say thus, some good thing comes to morow.

Bishop Beleue me I am passing light in spirit.

Mow. So much the worse if your owne rule be true. *shout.*

Prin. The word of peace is rendred, heark how they showt.

Mow. This had bin cheerefull after victorie.

Bishop A peace is of the nature of a conquest,
 For then both parties nobly are subdued,
 And neither party looser.

Prince Go my lord,

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IV.ii.

92 And let our army be discharged too,
 And, good my lord, so please you, let our traines
 March by vs, that we may peruse the men,
 VVe should haue coap't withall.

Bishop Go, good Lord Hastings,

96 And ere they be dismist, let them march by, *enter Westmerland.*

Prince I trust Lords we shal lie to night together:

Now coosin, wherefore stands our army stil?

100 *West.* The Leaders hauing charge from you to stand,
 Wil not goe off vntil they heare you speake.

Prince They know their duties. *enter Hastings*

Hastings My lord, our army is disperst already,
 Like youthfull steeres vnyoakt they take their courses,
 104 East, west, north, south, or like a schoole broke vp,
 Each hurries toward his home, and sporting place.

West. Good tidings my lord Hastings, for the which
 I do areft thee traitor of high treason,
 108 And you lord Archbishop, and you lord Mowbray,
 Of capitall treason I attach you both.

Mowbray Is this proceeding iust and honorable?

West. Is your assembly so?

112 *Bishop* will you thus breake your faith?

Prince I pawnde thee none,

I promist you redresse of these same grieuances
 Whereof you did complaine, which by mine honour
 I will performe, with a most christian care.

116 But for you rebels, looke to taste the due

Meete for rebellion:

Most shallowly did you these armes commence,

Fondly brought heere, and foolishly sent hence.

120 Strike vp our drummes, pursue the scattred stray:

God, and not we, hath safely fought to day:

Some guard this traitour to the blocke of death,

Treasons true bed, and yeelder vp of breath.

Alarum

Enter Falstaffe

excursions

Fal. whats your name sir, of what condition are you, and
 of

Henry the fourth.

of what place?

Cole. I am a Knight sir , and my name is Coleuile of the Dale.

Fal. well then, Colleuile is your name, a Knight is your degree, and your place the dale : Coleuile shalbe still your name, a traitor your degree, & the dungeon your place, a place deep enough, so shall you be stil Colleuile of the Dale.

Colle. Are not you sir Iohn Falstaffe?

Fal. As good a man as he sir, who ere I am : doe ye yeelde sir, or shall I sweate for you? if I doe sweate, they are the drops of thy louers, and they weepe for thy death, therefore rowze vp feare and trembling, and do obseruance to my mercie.

Colle. I think you are sir Iohn Falstaffe, and in that thoght yeelde me.

Fal. I haue a whole schoole of tongs in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speakes any other word but my name, and I had but a belly of any indifferencie, I were simply the most actiue fellow in Europe : my womb, my wombe, my womb vndoes me, heere comes our Generall.

Enter Iohn Westmerland, and the rest. Retraire

Iohn The heate is past, follow no further now,
Call in the powers good coosin Westmerland.
Now Falstaffe, where haue you beene all this while?
V When euery thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy trickes of yours wil on my life
One time or other breake some gallowes backe.

Fal. I would bee fory my lord, but it shoulde bee thus : I neuer knew yet but Rebuke and Checke , was the rewarde of Valor: do you thinke me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? haue I in my poore and old motion the expedition of thought ? I haue speeded hither with the very extreamest inch of possibility, I haue foundred ninescore and od postes, and here trauell tainted as I am , haue in my pure and immaculate valour , taken sir Iohn Colleuile of the Dale, a most furious Knight and valorous enemy, : but what of that? he sawe me, and yeilded, that I may iustly say with the hooke-nosoe fellow of Rome,
their

A new Jovian party

there cosin, I came, saw, and ouercame,

Iohn It was more of his curtesie then your deseruing.

Falst. I know not, here he is, and here I yeeld him, and I beseech your grace let it be booke with the rest of this daies deedes, or by the Lord, I will haue it in a particular ballad else, with mine owne picture on the top on't, (Colcuile kissing my foote) to the which course, if I bee enforst, if you doe not all shew like guilt twoo pences to mee, and I in the cleere skie of Fame, ore-shine you as much as the full moone doth the cindars of the element, (which shew like pinnes heads to her) beleeue not the worde of the noble: therefore let me haue right, and let Desert mount,

Prince Thine's too heauy to mount.

Falst. Let it shine then.

Prince Thines too thicke to shine.

Falst. Let it do some thing, my good lord, that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

Prince Is thy name Colleuile?

Col. It is my Lord.

Prince A famous rebell art thou Colleuile.

Falst. And a famous true subiect tooke him.

Col. I am my lord but as my betters are,

That led me hither, had they bin rulde by me,
You should haue wonne them deerer then you haue.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselues, but thou like a kind fellow gauest thy selfe away gratis, and I thanke thee for thee.
enter Westmerland.

Prince Now, haue you left pursuit?

West. Retraite is made, and execution stayd.

Prince Send Colleuile with his confederates

To Yorke, to present execution,
Blunt leade him hence, and see you guard him sure.
And now dispatch we toward the court my lordes,
I heare the King my father is sore sick,
Our newes shall go before vs to his maiestie,
Which cosin you shall beare to comfort him,

And

Henry the fourth.

And we with sober speede will follow you.

Falst. My Lord, I beseech you giue me leau to go through Glostershire, and when you come to court, stand my good lord in your good report.

Prince Fare you wel Falstaffe, I, in my condition, shal better speake of you then you deserue.

Fal. I would you had the wit, twere better than your dukedome, good faith this same yong sober blouded boy doth not loueme, nor a mā canot make him laugh, but thats no maruel, he drinckes no wine, theres neuer none of these demure boyes come to any prooffe, for thin drinke doth so ouer-coole theyr blood, and making many fish meales, that they fall into a kind of male greene sicknes, and then when they marry, they gette wenches, they are generally foolés and cowards, which some of vs should be too. but for inflammation: a good sherris sacke hath a two fold operation in it, it ascendes mee into the braine, dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapors which enuirone it, makes it apprehensiué, quicke, forgettiue, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which deliuered ore to the voyce the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris, is the warming of the blood, which before (cold & setled,) left the lyuer white & pale, which is the badge of pusilanimitie and cowardize. but the sherris warmes it, and makes it course from the inwards to the partes extreames, it illumineth the face, which as a beakon, giues warning to al the rest of this little kingdom man to arme, and then the vitall commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captaine, the heart: who great, and pufft vp with this retinew, doth any deed of courage: and this valour comes of sherris, so that skill in the weapon is nothing without sacke (for that sets it aworke) and learning a meere whoord of gold kept by a diuell, till sacke commences it, and sets it in act and vse. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant, for the cold blood he did naturally inherite of his father, he hath like leane, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded and tilld, with excellent endeouour of drinking good

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2 DE JACOBI PART V

132 and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hote
and valiant. If I had a thousand sonnes, the first humane prin-
136 ciple I would teach them, should be, to forswear thinpotati-
ons, and to addiect themselues to sacke. How now Bardolfe?

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. The army is discharged all, and gone.

140 *Fal.* Let them goe, ile through Glostershire, and there will
I visit M. Robert Shallow Esquire, I haue him already tem-
pering betweene my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I
seale with him, come away.

*Enter the King, Warwike, Kent, Thomas duke of Clarence,
Humphrey of Gloucester.*

1 *King* Now lords, if God doth giue successfull end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doores,
We will our youth leade on to higher fields,
4 And draw no swords but what are sanctified:
Our nauie is adrest, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence wel inuested,
8 And euery thing lies leuell to our wish,
Only we want a little personal strength:
And pause vs til these rebels now afoote,
Come vnderneath the yoke of government.

12 *War.* Both which we doubt not, but your maiesty
Shal soone enioy.

King Humphrey my sonne of Gloster, where is the prince
your brother?

Glo. I thinke hees gone to hunt, my lord, at Winfor.

King And how accompanied?

Glo. I do not know, my lord.

16 *King* Is not his brother Thomas of Clarence with him?

Glo. No, my good lord, he is in presence here.

Clar. What would my lord and father?

20 *King* Nothing but well to thee Thomas of Clarence,
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loues thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas,
Thou hast a better place in his affection

Then

Henry the fourth.

Then all thy brothers, cherrish it my boy:
 And noble offices thou maist effect
 Of mediation after I am dead,
 Betweene his greatnesse and thy other brethren:
 Therefore omit him not, blunt not his loue,
 Nor loose the good aduantage of his grace,
 By seeming cold, or carelesse of his will,
 For he is gracious if he be obseru'de,
 He hath a teare for pittie, and a hand,
 Open as day for meeeting charitie,
 Yet notwithstanding being incenst, he is flint,
 As humorous as winter, and as sodaine
 As flawes congealed in the spring of day:
 His temper therefore must be well obseru'd,
 Chide him for faults, and do it reuerently,
 When you perceiue his blood inclin'd to mirth:
 But being moody, giue him time and scope,
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground
 Confound themselues with working, learne this Thomas,
 And thou shalt proue a shelter to thy friends,
 A hoope of gold to binde thy brothers in,
 That the vnited vessell of their blood,
 (Mingled with venome of suggestion,
 As force perforce, the age will powre it in,)
 Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as strong,
 As Aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Cl. I shall obserue him with all care and loue.

King Why art thou not at Winfore with him Thomas?

Tro. He is not there to day, he dines in London.

King And how accompanied?

Tho. With Paines, and other his continuall followers.

King Most subiect is the fatteft foyle to weeds,
 And he the noble image of my youth,
 Is ouerspread with them, therefore my grieffe
 Stretches it selfe beyond the howre of death:
 The blood weepes from my heart when I do shape,

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the second part of

In formes imaginary, th'unguyded daies,
 60 And rotten times that you shall looke vpon,
 When I am sleeping with my auncestors:
 For when his head-strong riot hath no curbe,
 V When rage and hot bloud are his counsellors,
 64 VVhen meanes and lauish manners meete together,
 Oh with what wings shal his affections flie,
 Towards fronting peril and opposde decay?
War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite,
 68 The prince but studies his companions,
 Like a strange tongue wherein to gaine the language:
 Tis needfull that the most immodest word,
 Be lookt vpon and learnt, which once attaind,
 72 Your highnesse knowes comes to no further vse,
 But to be knowne and hated: so, like grosse termes,
 The prince will in the perfectnesse of time,
 Cast off his followers, and their memory
 76 Shall as a pattern, or a measure liue,
 By which his grace must mete the liues of other,
 Turning past-euils to aduantages.

King Tis seldome when the bee doth leaue her comb,
 80 In the dead carion: who's here, Westmerland?

Enter Westmerland.

West. Health to my soueraigne, and new happinesse
 Added to that that I am to deliuer,
 Prince Iohn your sonne doth kisse your graces hand.
 84 Mowbray, the Bishop, Scroope, Hastings, and al,
 Are brought to the correction of your law:
 There is not now a rebels sword vntheathd,
 But Peace puts forth her oliue euery where,
 88 The manner how this action hath bin borne,
 Here at more leifure may your highnesse reade,
 With euery course in his particular.

King O Westmerland, thou art a summer bird,

92 VVhich euer in the haunch of winter sings

The lifting vp of day: looke heres more newes. *enter Harcor.*

Hare.

Henry the fourth.

Harc. From enemies, heauens keep your maiesty,
 And when they stand against you, may they fall
 As those that I am come to tell you of:
 The Earle Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolfe,
 With a great power of English, and of Scots,
 Are by the shrieue of Yorkshire ouerthrowne,
 The manner, and true order of the fight,
 This packet, please it you, containes at large,

Ki. And wherfore should these good news make me sicke?
 Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,
 But wet her faire words stil in foulest termes?
 She either giues a stomach, and no foode,
 Such are the poore in health: or else a feast,
 And takes away the stomach, such are the rich
 That haue abundance, and enioy it not:
 I should reioyce now at this happy newes,
 And now my sight failes, and my braine is giddy,
 O me, come neare me, now I am much ill.

Hum. Comfort your maiesty.

Clar. O my royall father!

West. My soueraigne Lord, cheere vp your selfe, look vp,

War. Be patient princes, you do know these fits
 Are with his highnesse very ordinary.

Stand from him, giue him ayre, heel straight be wel.

Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs,
 Th incessant care and labour of his mind,
 Hath wrought the Mure that should confine it in,
 So thin that life lookes through.

Hum. The people feare me, for they do obserue
 Vnfather'd heires, and lothly births of nature,
 The seasons change their manners, as the yeere
 Had found some moneths a sleepe, and leapt them ouer.

Clar. The riuier hath thrice flowed, no ebbe between,
 And the old folk, (Times doting chronicles,)
 Say, it did so a little time before
 That our great grandfire Edward, sickt and died.

IV. iv.

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War. Speake lower, princes, for the King recouers.

Hum. This apoplexi wil certaine be his end.

King I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence,
Into some other chamber.

Let there be no noyse made, my gentle friends,
Vnlesse some dull and fauourable hand
Will whisper musique to my weary spirite.

War. Call for the musique in the other roome.

King Set me the crowne vpon my pillow here.

Clar. His eie is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Lesse noyse, lesse noyse. *Enter Harry*

Prince Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here brother, ful of heauinesse.

Prince How now, raine within doores, and none abroad?
How doth the King?

Hum. Exceeding ill.

Prince Heard he the good newes yet? tell it him.

Hum. He vttered much vpon the hearing it,

Prince If he be sicke with ioy, heele recouer without phisicke.

War. Not so much noyse my Lords, sweete prince, speake
lowe, the King your father is disposed to sleepe.

Cl. Let vs withdraw into the other roome.

War. Wilt please your Grace to go along with vs?

Prince No, I wil sit and watch heere by the King.
Why doth the Crowne lie there vpon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polisht perturbation! golden care!

That keepst the ports of Slumber open wide

To many a watchfull night, sleepe with it now!

Yet not so sound, and halfe so deeply sweete,

As he whose brow (with homely biggen bound)

Snores out the watch of night. O maiestie!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worne in heate of day,

That scaldst with safty (by his gates of breath)

There

Henry the fourth.

There lies a dowlly feather which stirs not,
 Did he suspire, that light and weightlesse dowlne
 Perforce must moue my gracious lord my father:
 This sleepe is sound indeede, this is a sleepe,
 That from this golden Rigoll hath diuorft
 So many English Kings, thy deaw from me,
 Is teares and heauy sorowes of the blood,
 Which nature, loue, and filiall tenderneffe
 Shall (O deare father) pay thee plenteously:
 My due from thee is this imperiall Crowne,
 Which as immediate from thy place and blood,
 Deriuies it selfe to me : loe where it fits,
 Which God shal guard, and put the worlds whole strength
 Into one giant arme, it shal not force,
 This lineal honor from me, this from thee
 Will I to mine leaue, as tis left to me.

exit.

Enter Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence.

King Warwicke, Gloucester, Clarence,

Clar. Doth the King cal?

War. What would you Maiestie?

King Why did you leaue me here alone, my lords?

Cl. We left the prince my brother here my liege, who vnder-
 tooke to sit and watch by you.

King The prince of Wales, where is he? let me see him : he
 is not here.

War. This doore is open, he is gone this way.

Hum. He came not through the chamber where we staid.

King Where is the Crowne? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King The Prince hath tane it hence go seeke him out:
 Is he so hastie, that he doth suppose my sleepe my death?

Finde him, my lord of Warwicke, chide him hither.

This part of his conioynes with my diseafe,
 And helps to end me: see, sonnes, what things you are,

How quickly nature falls into reuolt,

When gold becomes her obiect?

For

the second part of

68 For this, the foolish ouer-carefull fathers
 Haue broke their sleepe with thoughts,
 Their braines with care, their bones with industry:
 72 For this they haue ingrossed and pilld vp,
 The cankred heapes of strange atcheeued gold:
 For this they haue beene thoughtfull to inuest
 Their sonnes with arts and martiall exercises,
 75 When like the bee toling from euey flower,
 77+ Our thigh, packt with waxe our mouthes with hony,
 We bring it to the hiue: and like the bees,
 Are murdred for our paines, this bitter taste
 80 Yeelds his engrossments to the ending father,
 Now where is he that will not stay so long,
 Till his friend sicknesse hands determind me. *Enter Warwicke,*

† *War.* My Lord, I found the prince in the next roome,
 84 Washing with kindly teares, his gentle checkes,
 VVith such a deepe demeanour in great sorrow,
 That tyranny, which neuer quast but blood,
 VVould by beholding him, haue washt his knife,
 88 VVith gentle eie-drops, hee is comming hither. *Enter Harry.*

King But wherefore did he take away the crowne?
 Loe where he comes, come hither to me Harry,
 Depart the chamber, leaue vs here alone. *exeunt.*

92 *Harry* I neuer thought to heare you speake againe.
King Thy wish was father (Harry,) to that thought
 I stay too long by thee, I weary thee,
 Dost thou so hunger for mine emptie chaire,
 96 That thou wilt needes inuest thee with my honors,
 Before thy howre be ripe! O foolish youth,
 Thou seekst the greatnesse that will ouerwhelme thee,
 Stay but a little, for my clowd of dignity
 100 Is held from falling with so weake a wind,
 That it will quickly drop: my day is dim,
 Thou hast stolne that, which after some few houres,
 VVere thine, without offence, and at my death,
 104 Thou hast scald vp my expectation,

Thy

Henry the fourth.

Thy life did manifest thou lou'dst me not,
 And thou wilt haue me die, assurde of it,
 Thou hidst a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
 VVhom thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
 To stab at halfe an hower of my life.
 VVhat, canst thou not forbear me halfe an hower?
 Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy selfe,
 And bid the mery bells ring to thine care,
 That thou art crowned, not that I am dead:
 Let all the teares that should bedew my hearse
 Be drops of Balme, to sanctifie thy head,
 Only compouud me with forgotten dust.
 Giue that which gaue thee life, vnto the wormes,
 Plucke downe my officers, breake my decrees,
 For now a time is come to mocke at Forme:
 Harry the fift is crownd, vp vanitie,
 Downe royall state, all you sage counsailers, hence,
 And to the English Court assemble now
 From euery region, apes of idlenesse:
 Now neighbour confines, purge you of your scumme
 Haue you a ruffin that will sweare, drinke, daunce,
 Reuell the night rob, murder, and commit
 The oldest sinnes, the newest kind of waies?
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more.
 England shal double gild his trebble gilt,
 England shall giue him office honour, might:
 For the fift Harry, from curbd licence, plucks
 The mussel of restraint, and the wild dogge
 Shal flesh his tooth on euery innocent.
 O my poore kingdome! sicke with ciuill blowes:
 VVhen that my care could not withhold thy riots,
 VVhat wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
 O thou wilt be a wildernesse againe,
 Peopled with woolues, thy old inhabitants,
Prince O pardon me, my liege, but for my teares,
 The moist impediments vnto my speech,

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I had foretold this deere and deep rebuke,
 Ere you with griefe had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far: there is your crowne:
 144 And he that weares the crowne immortally,
 Long gard it yours: if I affect it more,
 Then as your honour, and as your renowne,
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,
 148 VVhich my most inward true and duteous spirit,
 Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending,
 God witnessse with me. When I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your maiesty,
 152 How cold it strooke my heart! if I do faine,
 O let me in my present wildnesse die,
 And neuer liue to shew th' incredulous world,
 The noble change that I haue purposed.
 156 Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
 And dead almost, my liege, to thinke you were,
 I spake vnto this crowne as hauing sence,
 And thus vpbraided it: the care on thee depending,
 160 Hath fed vpon the body of my father,
 Therefore thou best of gold, art worse then gold,
 + Other lesse fine, in karrat more precious,
 + Preseruing life in medicine potable:
 164 But thou, most fine, most honourd, most renown'd,
 Hast eate thy bearer vp: thus my most royall liege,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head,
 To trie with it as with an enemy,
 168 That had before my face murdered my father,
 The quarrell of a true inheritour,
 But if it did infect my bloud with ioy,
 Or swell my thoughts to any straine of pride,
 172 If any rebel or vaine spirit of mine,
 Did with the least affection of a welcome,
 Giue entertainement to the might of it,
 Let God for euer keep it from my head,

And

Henry the fourth.

And make me as the poorest vassaile is,
That doth with awe and terror kneele to it.

King God put in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy fathers loue,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it:

Come hither Harry, sit thou by my bed,
And heare (I thinke) the very latest counsaile
That euer I shal breathe. God knowes (my sonne)
By what by-paths, and indirect crookt waies,
I met this crowne, and I my selfe know well,
How troublesome it fate vpon my head:

To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation,
For al the soyle of the atchieuement goes,

With me into the earth, it seemd in me,
But as an honor snatcht with boistrous hand,
And I had many liuing to vbraide

My gaine of it, by their assistances,
Which daily grew to quarrell and to bloudshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold feares
Thou see'st with perill I haue answerd:

For all my raigne hath beene but as a Scene,
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mood, for what in me was purchast,
Fals vpon thee in a more fairer sort.

So thou the garland wearest successiuelly,
Yet though thou standst more sure then I could do,
Thou art not firme enough, since griefes are greene,
And all thy friends which thou must make thy friends,
Haue but their stings and teeth newly tane out:

By whose fell working I was first aduanc't,
And by whose power I well might lodge a feare
To be againe displac'd: which to auoyde,
I cut them off, and had a purpose, now
To leade out manie to the Holy Land,
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them looke,

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IV.V

Too neare vnto my state: therefore, my Harry,
 Be it thy course to busie giddie mindes
 With forraine quarrells, that action hence borne out,
 May waste the memory of the former dayes.
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
 That strength of speech is vtterly denied me:
 How I came by the crowne, O God forgiue,
 And grant it may with thee in true peace liue.

Prince You won it, wore it, kept it, gaue it me,
 Then plaine and right must my possession be,
 Which I with more then with a common paine,
 Gainst all the world will rightfully maintaine: *enter Lancaster.*

King Looke, looke, here comes my Iohn of Lancaster.

Lanc. Health, peace, and happinesse to my royall father.

King Thou bringst me happinesse and peace sonne Iohn,
 But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
 From this bare witherd trunk: vpon thy sight,
 My worldly busines makes a period:
 Where is my lord of Warwicke?

Prince My Lord of Warwicke.

King Doth any name perticular belong
 Vnto the lodging where I first did swound?

War. Tis cald Ierusalem, my noble Lord.

King Laud be to God, euen there my life must end,
 It hath bin prophecide to me many yeares,
 I should not die, but in Ierusalem,

Which vainely I supposde the Holy Land:

But beare me to that chamber, there ile lie, *Enter Shallow,*
 In that Ierusalem shall Harry die. *Falstaffe, and Bardolfe*

Shal. By cock and pie sir, you shal not away to night, what
 Dauy I say?

Falst. You must excuse me master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you, you shall not be excusde, ex-
 cuses shall not be admitted, there is no excuse shall serue, you
 shall not be excusde: why Dauy.

Dauy Here sir.

Shal

Henry the fourth.

Shal. Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, let me see Dauy let me see Dauy, let me see, yea maiy V William Cooke, bid him come hither, sir Iohn, you shal not be excused. 12

Dauy Mary sir thus. those precepts can not be serued, and againe sir, shal we sow the hade land with wheate? 16

Shal. V With red wheat Dauy, but for V William Cooke are there no yong pigeons? 20

Dauy Yes sir, here is now the Smiths note for shooing and plow-yrons. 24

Shal. Let it be cast and payed: sir Iohn, you shal not be excused. 28

Dauy Now sir, a new lincke to the bucket must needes be had: and sir, do you meane to stop any of V Williams wages, about the sacke he lost at Hunkly Faire? †

Shal. A shall answer it : some pigeons Dauy, a couple of short legg'd hens, a ioynt of mutton, and any pretty little tinie Kick-shawes, tell william Cooke. 32

Dauy Doth the man of warre stay all night sir? 36

Shal. Yea Dauy, I will vse him well, a friend i th court is better then a penic in purse: vse his men wel Dauy, for they are arrant knaues, and will backbite. 40

Dauy No worse then they are back-bitten sir, for they haue maruailes foule linnen. 44

Shal. V Well conceited Dauy, about thy businesse Dauy. 48

Dauy I beseech you sir to countenance V William Vifor of Woncote against Clement Perkes a' th hill. 52

Shal. There is many complaints Dauy against that Vifor, that Vifor is an arrant knaue on my knowledge. 56

Dauy I graunt your worship that he is a knaue sir: but yet God forbid sir, but a knaue should haue some countenance at his friends request, an honest man sir is able to speake for himselfe, when a knaue is not: I haue seru de your worship truly sir this eight yeares and I cannot once, or twice in a quarter beare out a knaue against an honest man, I haue litle credit with your worship: the knaue is mine honest friend sir, therefore I beseech you let him be countenaunst.

- - - - -

Shal. Go to I say, he shal haue no wrong, look about Daury: where are you sir Iohn? come, come, come, off with your boots, giue me your hand maister Bardolfe.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with my heart kind maister Bardolfe, and welcome my tall fellow, come sir Iohn.

Falst. Ile follow you good maister Robert Shallow: Bardolfe, looke to our horses: if I were sawed into quantities, I should make foure dozen of such berded hermites staues as maister Shallow: it is a wonderfull thing to see the semblable coherence of his mens spirits, and his, they, by obseruing him, do beare themselves like foolish Iustices: hee, by conuersing with them, is turned into a Iustice-like seruing man, their spirits are so married in coniunction, with the participation of society, that they flocke together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suite to maister Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation, of beeing neere their maister: if to his men, I would curry with maister Shallow, that no man could better commaund his seruants. It is certaine, that eyther wise bearing, or ignorant cariage is caught, as men take diseases one of another: therefore let men take heede of their company. I will deuise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keepe prince Harry in continuall laughter, the wearing out of sixe fashions, which is foure termes, or two actions, and a shal laugh without interuallums. O it is much that a lie, with a slight oathe, and a iest, with a sad browe, will doe with a fellow that neuer had the ach in his shoulders: O you shall see him laugh til his face be like a wet cloake ill laide vp.

Shal. Sir Iohn.

Falst. I come maister Shallow, I come maister Shallow.

*Enter Warwick, duke Humphrey, L. chiefe Iustice, Thomas
Clarence, Prince, Iohn Westmerland.*

War. How now, my lord chiefe Iustice, whither away?

Iust. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well, his cares are now all ended.

Iust. I hope not dead.

War.

Henry the fourth.

War. Hees walkt the way of nature,
And to our purposes he liues no more.

Iust. I would his Maiestie had calld me with him:
The seruice that I truely did his life,
Hath left me open to all iniuries.

War. Indeede I thinke the yong King loues you not.

Iust. I know he doth not, and do arme my selfe
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot looke more hideously vpon me,
Than I haue drawne it in my fantasie.

Enter Iohn, Thomas, and Humphrey.

War. Heere come the heauy issue of dead Harry:
O that the liuing Harry had the temper
Of he, the worst of these three gentlement
How many Nobles then should holde their places,
That must strike faile to spirites of vile sort?

Iust. O God, I feare all will be ouer-turnd.

Iohn Good morrow coosin Warwicke, good morrow.

Prin.ambo Good morrow coosin.

Iohn We meete like men that had forgot to speake.

War. We do remember, but our argument
Is all too heauy to admit much talke.

Iohn Well, peace be with him that hath made vs heauy.

Iust. Peace be with vs, lest we be heauier.

Humph. O good my lord, you haue lost a friend indeede,
And I dare sweare you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow, it is sure your owne.

Iohn Though no man be assurde what grace to finde,
You stand in coldest expectation,
I am the forier, would twere otherwise.

Cl. Well, you must now speake sir Iohn Falstaffe faire,
Which swimmes against your streame of quallitie.

Iust. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honor,
Led by th'impartiall conduct of my soule.
And neuer shall you see that I will begge
A ragged and forestald remission,

If truth and vpright innocencie faile me.
 Ile to the King my maister that is dead,
 And tell him who hath sent me after him. *Enter the Prince
 and Blunt*
War. Here comes the Prince.

Iust. Good morrow, and God saue your maiestie.

Prince This new and gorgeous garment Maiesty
 Sits not so easie on me, as you thinke:

Prothers, you mixt your sadnesse with some feare,

This is the English, not the Turkish court,

Not Amurath an Amurath succeedes,

But Harry Harry: yet be sad, good brothers,

For by my faith it very well becomes you:

Sorrow so royally in you appeares,

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

And weare it in my heart: why then be sad,

But entertaine no more of it, good brothers,

Then a ioynt burden layd vpon vs all,

For me, by heauen (I bid you be assurde)

Ile be your father, and your brother too,

Let me but beare your loue, Ile beare your cares:

Yet weepe that Harries dead, and so will I,

But Harry liues, that shal conuert those teares

By number into howres of happinesse.

Bro. We hope no otherwise from your maiesty.

Prince You al looke strangely on me, and you most,

You are I thinke assurde I loue you not.

Iust. I am assurde, if I be measurde rightly,

Your maiesty hath no iust cause to hate me.

Prince No? how might a prince of my great hopes forget,
 So great indignities you laid vpon me?

What, rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison,

Th immediate heire of England? was this easie?

May this be washt in lethy and forgotten?

Iust. I then did vse the person of your father,

The image of his power lay then in me,

And in th administration of his law,

Whiles

Henry the fourth.

Whiles I was busie for the common wealth,
 Your Highnesse pleased to forget my place,
 The maiestie and power of law and iustice,
 The image of the King whom I presented,
 And strooke me in my very seate of iudgement,
 Whercon, (as an offender to your father,)
 I gaue bold way to my authority,
 And did commit you: if the deed were ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
 To haue a sonne set your decrees at naught?
 To plucke downe Iustice from your awful bench?
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword,
 That guards the peace and safetie of your person?
 Nay more, to spurne at your most royall image,
 And mocke your workings in a second body?
 Question your royall thoughts, make the case yours,
 Be now the father, and propose a sonne,
 Heare your owne dignity so much prophan'd,
 See your most dreadfull lawes so loofely slighted,
 Behold your selfe so by a sonne disdained:
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And in your power soft silencing your sonne,
 After this cold considerance sentence me,
 And as you are a King, speake in your state,
 What I haue done that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my lieges soueraigntie.

Prince You are right Iustice, and you weigh this well,
 Therefore still beare the Ballance and the Sword,
 And I do wish your honors may encrease,
 Til you do liue to see a sonne of mine
 Offend you, and obey you as I did:
 So shall I liue to speake my fathers words,
 Happie am I that haue a man so bold,
 That dares do iustice on my proper sonne:
 And not lesse happie, hauing such a sonne,
 That would deliuer vp his greatnesse so,

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Into

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Enter Sir John, Shallow, Scileus, Daisy, Bardolfe

112 Into the hands of Iustice you did commit me:
 For which I do commit into your hand,
 Th vnstained sword that you haue vsde to beare,
 With this remembrance, that you vse the same
 116 With the like bold, iust, and impartial spirit,
 As you haue done gainst me: there is my hand,
 You shall be as a father to my youth,
 My voice shall found as you do prompt mine care,
 120 And I wil stoope and humble my intents,
 To your well prastizde wise directions.
 And princes all, beleue me I beseech you,
 My father is gone wild into his graue:
 124 For in his toomb lie my affections,
 And with his spirites sadly I suruiue,
 To mocke the expectation of the world,
 To frustrate prophecies, and to race out,
 128 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me downe
 After my seeming, the tide of bloud in me
 Hath proudely flowd in vanitie till now:
 Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the sea,
 132 Where it shall mingle with the state of flouds,
 And flow henceforth in formall maicstie.
 Now call we our high court of parliament,
 And let vs chuse such limbs of noble counsaile,
 136 That the great bodie of our state may goe,
 In equall ranke with the best gouernd Nation,
 That warre, or peace, or both at once, may be,
 As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
 140 In which you father shall haue formost hand:
 Our coronation done, we wil accite,
 (As I before remembred) all our state,
 And (God consigning to my good intents,)
 144 No prince nor peere shall haue iust cause to say,
 God shorten Harries happy life one day.

exit.

Enter sir John, Shallow, Scileus, Daisy, Bardolfe, page.

Shal. Nay you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour we
will

Henry the fourth.

will eate a last yeeres pippen of mine owne grafting, with a dish of carrawaies and so forth: come cozsin Scilens, and then to bed.

Falst. Fore God you haue here goodly dwelling, and rich.

Shal. Barraine, barraine, barraine, beggars all, beggars all fir John, mary good ayre: spread Dauy, spread Dauy, well saide Dauy.

Fal. This Dauy serues you for good vses, hee is your seruing-man, and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet fir John: by the mas I haue drunke too much sacke at supper: a good varlet: now sit downe, now sit downe, come cosin.

Scilens A firra quoth a, we shall do nothing but eate and make good cheere, and praise God for the merry yeere, when flesh is cheape and females deare, and lusty laddes roame here and there so merely, and euer among so merely.

fir John Theres a merry heart, good M. Scilens, ile giue you a health for that anon.

Shal. Giue master Bardolfe some wine, Dauy.

Dauy Sweet fir fit, ile be with you anon, most sweet fir fit, master Page, good master Page sit: proface, what you want in meate, wee le haue in drink, but you must beare, the heart's al.

Shal. Be merry master Bardolfe, and my litle souldier there, be merry.

Scilens Be merry, be mery, my wife has all, for women are shrowes both short and tall, tis merry in hal when beards wags all, and welcome mery shrouetide, be mery, be mery.

Falst. I did not thinke master Scilens had bin a man of this mettall.

Scilens Who I? I haue beene mery twice and once ere now.

Enter Dauy.

Dauy Theres a dish of Lether-coates for you.

Shal. Dauy?

Dauy Your worship: Ile be with you straight, a cup of wine fir.

Scilens A cup of wine thats briske and fine, and drinke vnto

the leman mine, and a mery heart liues long a.

Falst. Well said master Scilens.

Scilens And we shall be mery, now comes in the sweete a'th night.

Falst Health and long life to you master Scilens.

Scilens Fill the cuppe, and let it come. ile pledge you a mile too th bottome.

Shal. Honest Bardolfe, welcome, if thou wantst any thing, and wilt not call, be shrew thy heart, welcome my little tiny theefe, and welcome indeede too, Ile drink to master Bardolfe, and to all the cabileros about London.

Dauy I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bar. And I might see you there Dauy!

Shal. By the mas youle crack a quarte together, ha will you not master Bardolfe?

Bar. Yea fir, in a pottle pot.

Sha. By Gods liggens I thanke thee, the knaue will sticke by thee, I can assure thee that a wil not out, a tis true bred!

Bar. And ile stick by him fir. *One knockes at doore.*

Sha. Why there spoke a King: lacke nothing, be mery, looke who's at doore there ho, who knockes?

Falst. Why now you haue done me right.

Silens Do me right, and dub me Knight, famingo: ist not so?

Falst. Tis so.

Silens Ist so, why then say an olde man can do somewhat.

Dauy And't please your worship, theres one Pistoll come from the court with newes. *enter Pistol.*

Falst. From the Court? let him come in, how now Pistol?

Pistol Sir Iohn, God saue you.

Falst. What wind blew you hither Pistol?

Pistol Not the ill winde which blowes no man to good: sweete Knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this Realme.

Silens Birlady I think a be, but goodman Puffe of Barson.

Pisto Puffe? Puffe ith thy teeth, most recreant coward, base, fir Iohn, I am thy Pistol and thy frend, and helter skelter, haue

Henry the fourth.

I rode to thee, and tidings do I bring, and luckie ioyes, and golden times, and happy news of price.

John I pray thee now deliuer them like a man of this world.

Pistol A footre for the world and worldlings base, I speake of Affrica and golden ioyes.

John O base Assirian Knight! what is thy newes? let King Couetua know the truth thereof.

Scilens And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

Pistol Shal dunghill curs confront the Helicons? and shall good newes be baffled? then Pistoll lay thy head in Furies lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pistol Why then lament therefore.

Shal. Giue me pardon sir, if sir you come with newes from the court, I take it theres but two waies, either to vtter them, or conceale them, I am sir vnder the King in some authoritie.

Pistol Vnder which King, Besonian? speake, or die.

Shal. Vnder King Harry.

Pistol Harry the fourth, or fift?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist A fowtre for thine office: sir John, thy tender lambkin now is King: Harry the fifts the man: I speake the truth: when Pistol lies, do this, and fig me, like the bragging spaniard.

Falst What is the old King dead?

Pistol As nayle in doore, the things I speake are iust.

Fal. Away Bardolfe, saddle my horse, M. Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, tis thine: Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O ioyful day! I would not take a Knight for my fortune.

Pistol What? I do bring good newes.

Falst. Carry master Scilens to bed: master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortunes steward, get on thy boots, weel ride al night: ô sweet Pistol, away Bardolf, com Pistol, vtter more to me, and withall, deuise something to doe thy selfe good, boote, boote master Shallow, I know the yong

King is sicke for me: let vs take any mans horses, the lawes of England are at my commandement, blessed are they that haue bin my friends, and woe to my Lord chiefe Iustice.

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also: where is the life that late I led, say they, why here it is, welcome these pleasant dayes. *exit.*

Enter Sincklo and three or foure officers.

Hof. No, thou arrant knaue, I would to God that I might die, that I might haue thee hangd, thou hast drawn my shoulder out of ioynt.

Sincklo The Constables haue deliuered her ouer to mee, and shee shal haue whipping cheere I warrant her, there hath beene a man or two kild about her.

Whoore Nut-hooke, Nut-hooke, you lie, come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damnd tripe visagde rascall, and the child I go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst strook thy mother, thou paper-facde villaine.

Hof. O the Lord, that sir John were come! I would make this a bloody day to some body: but I pray God the fruite of her wombe miscarry.

Sincklo. If it doe, you shall haue a dozen of cushions againe, you haue but eleuen nowe: come, I charge you both goe with mee for the man is dead that you and Pistoll beat amongst you.

Whoore Ile tell you what, you thin man in a censor, I will haue you as soundly swingde for this, you blewbottle rogue, you filthy famisht correctioner, if you be not swingde, Ile forswear halfe kirtles.

Sinck. Come, come, you shee-Knight-arrant, come.

Hof. O God, that right should thus ouercom might! wel, of sufferance comes ease.

Whoore Come you rogue, come bring me to a iustice.

Hof. I come, you starude blood-hound.

Whoore Goodman death, goodman bones.

Hof. Thou Atomy, thou.

Whoore Come you thinne thing, come you rascall.

Sincklo

Henry the fourth.

Sinck. Very well.

Enter strewers of rushes.

- 1 More rushes, more rushes.
- 2 The trumpets haue sounded twice.
- 3 T will be two a clocke ere they come from the coronation, dispatch, dispatch.

Trumpets sound, and the King, and his traine passe over the stage: after them enter Falstaffe, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolfe, and the Boy.

Falst. Stand heere by me maister Shallow, I will make the King doe you grace, I will leere vpon him as a comes by, and do but marke the countenance that he will giue me.

Pist. God blesse thy lungs good Knight.

Falst. Come heere Pistoll, stand behinde mee. O if I had had time to haue made new liueries: I woulde haue bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you, but tis no matter, this poore shew doth better, this doth inferre the zeale I had to see him.

Pist. It doth so.

Falst. It shewes my earnestnesse of affection.

Pist. It doth so.

Falst. My deuotion.

Pist. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were to ride day & night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to haue pacience to shift me.

Shal. It is best certain: but to stand stained with trauaile, and sweating with desire to see him, thinking of nothing els, putting all affaires else in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to see him.

Pist. Tis *semper idem*, for, *obscure hoc nihil est*, tis in euery part.

Shal. Tis so indeede.

Pist. My Knight, I will inflame thy noble liuer, and make thee rage, thy Dol, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, is in base durance, and contagious prison, halde thither by most mechanical, and durtie hand: rowze vp reuenge from Ebon den, with
fell

V.V.

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A No. J. C. O. M. P. A. R. T. U. J.

39-40

fell Alectoes snake, for Doll is in : Pistoll speakes nought but truth.

Falst. I will deliuer her.

Pist. There roared the sea, and trumpet Clangor sounds.

Enter the King and his traine.

Falst. God saue thy grace King Hall, my royall Hall.

44

Pist. The heauens thee gard and keep, most royal impe of fame.

Falst. God saue thee, my sweet boy.

King My Lord chiefe iustice, speake to that vaine man.

48

Iust. Haue you your wits? know you what tis you speake?

Falst. My King, my Ioue, I speake to thee, my heart.

King I know thee not old man, fall to thy praiers,

52

How ill white heires becomes a foole and iester,

I haue long dreamt of such a kind of man,

So surfet-sweld, so old, and so prophane:

But being awakt, I do despise my dreame,

50

Make lesse thy body (hence) and more thy grace,

Leaue gourmandizing, know the graue doth gape

For thee, thrice wider then for other men,

Reply not to me with a foole-borne iest,

60

Prefume not that I am the thing I was,

For God doth know, so shall the world perceiue,

That I haue turnd away my former selfe,

So will I those that kept me company:

64

When thou dost heare I am as I haue bin,

Approch me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots:

Till then I banish thee, on paine of death,

68

As I haue done the rest of my misleaders,

Not to come neare our person by ten mile:

For competence of life, I wil allow you,

That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euills,

72

And as we heare you do reforme your selues,

We will according to your strengths and qualities,

Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge, my lord,

To

Henry the fourth.

To see performd the tenure of my word: set on.

John Master Shallow I ow you a thousand pound.

Shal. Yea mary fir Iohn, which I beseech you to let me haue home with me.

John That can hardly be, master Shallow: do not you grieue at this, I shall be sent for in priuate to him. looke you, hee must seeme thus to the world: feare not your aduancements, I will be the man yet that shal make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceiue how, vnlesse you giue me your dublet, and stufte me out with straw: I beseech you good fir Iohn let me haue fiue hundred of my thousand.

John Sir I will be as good as my worde, this that you heard was but a collour.

Shal. A collor that I feare you will die in fir Iohn.

John Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:

Come lieftenant Pistol, come Bardolfe,
I shall be sent for soone at night.

*Enter Iustice
and prince Iohn*

Iustice Go cary fir Iohn Falstafte to the Fleet,
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord.

Iust. I cannot now speake, I will heare you soone, take them away.

exeunt.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta spero contenta.*

John I like this faire proceeding of the Kings,
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well prouided for,
But all are banisht till their conuersations
Apppeare more wise and inodest to the worlde.

Iust. And so they are.

John The King hath cald his parlament my lord.

Iust. He hath.

John I wil lay ods, that ere this yeere expire,
We beare our ciuil swords and natiue fier,
As farre as France, I heard a bird so sing,
Whose musique, to my thinking, pleasde the King:
Come, will you hence?

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First

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112

Epilogue.

1 First my feare, then my curse, last my speech.
 4 My feare, is your displeasure, my curisy, my duty, & my speech,
 to beg your pardons: if you looke for a good speech now, you
 vndo me, for what I haue to say is of mine owne making, and
 8 what indeed (I should say) wil (I doubt) proue mine own mar-
 ring: but to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it knowne to
 you, as it is very well, I was lately here in the end of a displea-
 12 suring play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a bet-
 ter: I meant indeed to pay you with this, which if like an il ven-
 ture it come vnluckily home, I breake, and you my gentle cre-
 16 ditors loose, here I promise you I would be, and here I com-
 mit my body to your mercies, bate me some, and I will pay you
 some, and (as most debtors do) promise you infinitely: and so I
 kneele downe before you; but indeed, to pray for the Queene,

20 If my tongue cannot intreate you to acquit mee, will you
 commaund me to vse my legges? And yet that were but light
 payment, to daunce out of your debt, but a good consci-
 24 ence will make any possible satisfaction, and so woulde I: all
 the Gentlewomen heere haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen
 will not, then the Gentlemen doe not agree with the Gentle-
 women, which was neuer seene in such an assemblie.

28 One word more I beseech you, if you bee not too much
 eloyd with fatte meate, our humble Author will continue the
 storie, with sir Iohn in it, and make you merry with faire Ka-
 32 tharine of Fraunce, where (for any thing I knowe) Falstaffe
 shall die of a sweat, vnlesse already a be killd with your harde
 opinions; for Olde-castle died Martyre, and this is not the
 man: my tongue is weary, when my legges are too, I wil bid
 you, good night.

FINIS.

Henry the fourth.

Hof. No I warrant you.

Falst. No I thinke thou art not, I thinke thou art quit for that, mary there is another inditement vpon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house contrary to the law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle,

Hof. Al vitlars do so, whats a ioynt of mutton or twoo in a

Prince You gentlewoman. (whole Lent?)

Dol What saies your grace?

Fal. His grace saies that which his flesh rebels against.

Peyto knockes at doore.

Hof. Who knockes so lowd at doore? looke too'th doore there Francis.

Prince Peyto, how now, what newes?

Peyto The King your father is at Westminster, And there are twenty weake and wearied postes, Come from the North, and as I came along I met and ouertooke a dozen captaines, Barcheaded, sweating, knocking at the Tauernes, And asking euery one for sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Prince By heauen Poyes, I feele me much too blame, So idely to prophane the precious time, When tempest of commotion like the south, Borne with blacke vapour doth begin to melt, And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads, Giue me my sword and cloke: Falstaffe good night.

exeunt Prince and Poyes.

Fal. Now coms in the sweetest morsell of the night, & we must hence and leaue it vnpickt: more knocking at the doore, how now, whats the matter?

Bar. You must away to court sir presently, A dozen captaines stay at doore for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians sirra, farewell hostesse, farewell Dol, you see my good wenches how men of merrite are sought after, the vnderferuer may sleepe, when the man of action is cald on, farewell good wenches, if I be not sent away poste, I will see you againe ere I goe.

The second part of

Doll I cannot speake, if my hart be not ready to burst: wel sweete lacke, haue a care of thy selfe.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

Hofst. Wel, fare thee wel, I haue knowne thee these twentie nine yeeres, come pease-cod time, but an honest, and truer hearted man: wel, fare thee wel.

Bard. Mistris Tere-sheete.

Hofst. Whats the matter?

Bard. Bid mistris Tere-sheete come to my maister.

Hofst. O runne Doll, runne. runne good Doll, come, shee comes blubberd, yea? wil you come Doll? *exeunt*

Enter Iustice Shallow, and Iustice Silens.

Sha. Come on, come on, come on, giue me your hand sir, giue me your hand sir, an early stirrer, by the Roode: and how doth my good coosin Silence?

Si. Good morrow good coosine Shallow.

Sha. And how doth my coosin your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Si. Alas, a blacke woofel, coosin Shallow.

Sha. By yea, and no sir, I dare say my coosin William is become a good scholler, he is at Oxford stil, is he not?

Si. Indeede sir to my cost.

Sha. A must then to the Innes a court shortly: I was once of Clements Inne, where I thinke they wil talke of mad Shallow yet.

Si. You were calld Lusty Shallow then, coosin.

Sha. By the masse I was calld any thing, and I would haue done any thing indeede too, and roundly too: there was I, and little Iohn Doyt of Staffordshire, and blacke George Barnes, and Francis Pickebone, and Will Squele a Cotsole man, you had not foure such swinge-bucklers in all the Innes a court againe, and I may say to you, wee knewe where the bona robes were, and had the best of them all at commaundement: then was lacke Falstaffe, now sir Iohn, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray dnke of Norffolke.

Si. This sir Iohn, coosin, that comes hither anone about
souldi-

Henry the fourth.

Souldiers?

Sha. The same sir Iohn, the very same, I see him breake Skoggins head at the Court gate, when a was a Cracke, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Samson Stockefish a Fruiterer behinde Greyes Inne: Iesu, Iesu, the mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see how many of my olde acquaintance are dead.

Si. We shal all follow, coosin.

Sha. Certaine, tis certaine, very sure, very sure, death (as the Psalmist saith) is certaine to all, all shall die. How a good yoke of bullockes at Samforth faire?

Si. By my troth I was not there.

Sha. Death is certaine: Is old Dooble of your towne liuing yet?

Si. Dead sir.

Sha. Iesu, Iesu, dead! a drew a good bow, and dead? a shot a fine shoote: Iohn a Gaunt loued him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead? a woulde haue clapt ith clowt at twelue score, and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteene and foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue doone a mans heart good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

Si. Thereafter as they bee, a score of good ewes may bee worth ten pounds.

Sba. And is olde Dooble dead?

Si. Here come two of sir Iohn Falstaffes men, as I thinke.

Enter Bardolfe, and one with him

Good morrow honest gentlemen.

Bardolfe I beseech you, which is iustice Shallow?

Sha: I am Robart Shallowe, sir, a poore Esquier of this Countie, and one of the Kings iustices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard: My Captaine, sir, commends him to you, my Captaine sir Iohn Falstaffe, a tall gentleman by heauen, and a most gallant Leader.

Sha: He greetes me wel, sir, I knew him a good backword man: how doth the good Knight? may I aske how my Ladie
his

The second part of

his wife doth.

Bar. Sir, pardon, a souldiour is better accomodate then with a wife.

Shal. It is well said infaith sir, and it is well said indeed too, better accomodated, it is good, yea indeede is it, good phrafes are surely, and euer were, very commendable, accomodated, it comes of *accommodo*, very good, a good phrafe,

Bar. Pardon sir, I haue heard the word, Phrafe call you it? by this daye I knowe not the phrafe, but I will maintaine the word with my sword to be a souldierlike word, and a word of exceeding good command by heauen, accomodated, that is when a man is as they say, accomodated, or when a man is being whereby, a may be thought to be accomodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaffe.

Iust. It is very iust, look, here comes good sir Iohn, giue me your good hand, giue me your worshippinges good hand, by my troth you like well, and beare your yeeres very well, welcome good sir Iohn.

Falst. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow, master Soccard (as I thinke,)

Shal. No sir Iohn, it is my cofen Scilens in commission with me.

Falst. Good master Scilens, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Scil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie this is hot weather gentlemen, haue you prouided me here halfe a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Mary haue we sir, wil you sit?

Fal. Let me see them I beseech you.

Shal. Wheres the roule? wheres the roule? wheres the roule? let me see, let me see, let me see, so so, so, so, so (so, so) yea mary sir, Rafe Mouldy! let them appeare as I cal, let them do, so, let them do, so, let me see, where is Mouldy?

Mouldy Here, and't please you.

Shal. What think you sir Iohn, a good limbde, fellow, yong, strong,

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